

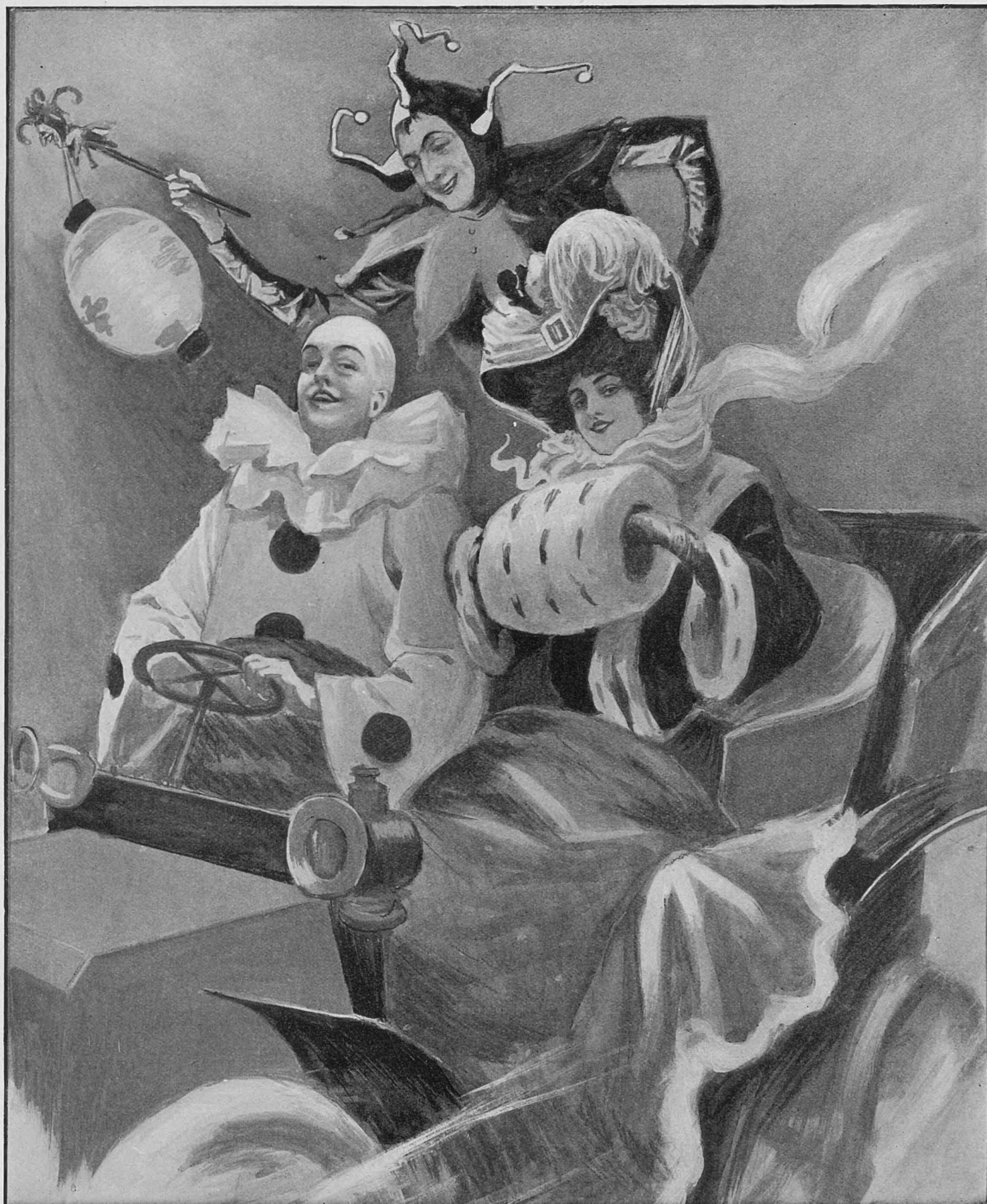
# The Sketch



No. 583.—VOL. XLV.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, 1904.

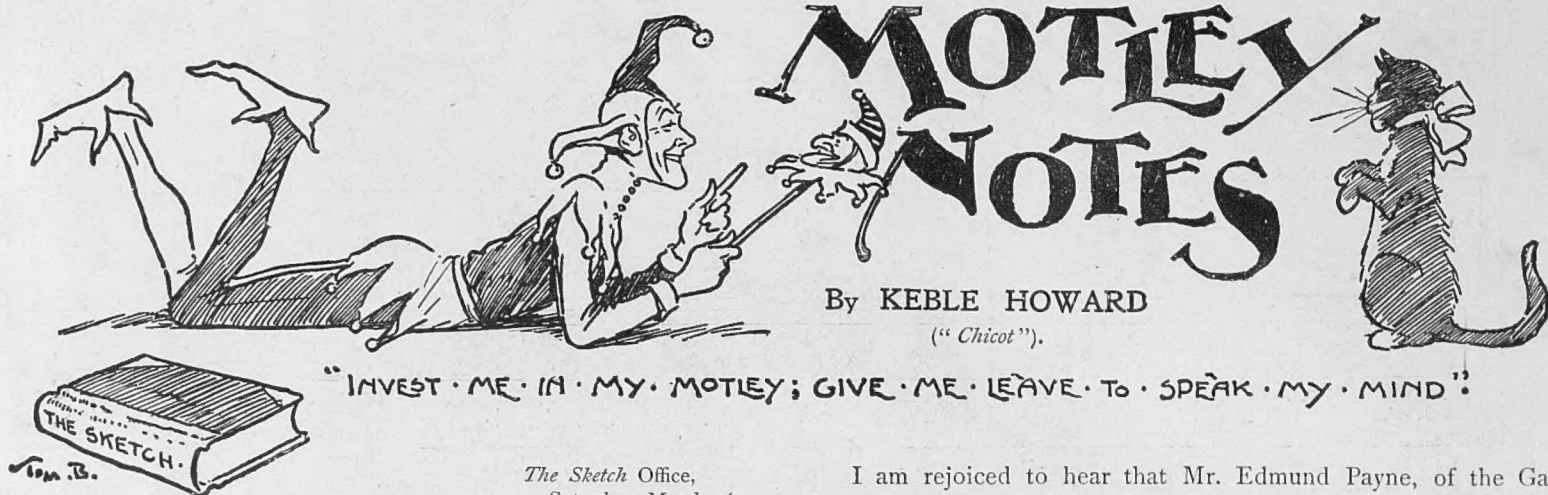
SIXPENCE.



[DRAWN BY LEONARD LINSEDELL.]

A HAPPY EASTER TO YOU.





MR. WILLIAM ARCHER, that eminent critic, has been for a ride on Mr. Henry Norman's motor, and the result is another "Real Conversation" in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. "Well now," said Mr. Norman, "after your first experience of motoring, what are your sensations? How should you sum them up?" "I can sum them up," replied W. A., "in one word—'ripping'!" One feels grateful to Mr. Archer for those quotation marks. It is so easy, you see, especially when recording a real conversation, to drop into colloquialisms. The stumbling-block once avoided, however, the critic discusses the tricks and manners of a motor in his own unimpeachable English. For example: "With no perceptible movement on your part," he assured his host, "it would slack down to just the right point, and then glide on again in a smooth crescendo. It seemed like an extension of yourself, rather than an inanimate piece of mechanism." Whereupon Mr. Norman, frank to the point of brutality, explained, "That was only because you could not see my feet, under the apron, working the pedals." Lesser men, without doubt, would have been put to silence by a remark so utterly devoid of sympathy. Not so Mr. Archer, for presently we find him observing, "You reminded me of a man at the keyboard of a great organ, pulling out this stop, pushing in that, and all the time threading his way through a maze of harmonies which a single false pressure or untimely relaxation would bring to ruin." For an impromptu simile, it seems to me, that would be hard to beat.

Talking of interviews, a representative of *The Sketch* has been persuading Mark Twain to discuss that wretched Copyright Law. The humourist, who is still in his winter quarters near Florence, was confined to his bed with a sharp attack of rheumatism when my colleague sent in his card. Under the circumstances, it is just possible that Mark Twain was ready to talk on the Law of Copyright or any other grievance; at any rate, *The Sketch* man left the Villa di Quarto with a bounding pulse, a sparkling eye, and a bursting brain. His luck was not through yet, however, for he managed to secure, not long after, a capital snapshot of Mr. Clemens in the garden of the villa. You will find it reproduced, together with a synopsis of the chat, on page 376 of this issue. By the way, do not expect to glean any precious gems of humour from the article. Even Mark Twain can be serious on occasion, and he never feels less inclined to joke than when suffering from a sharp attack of rheumatism. It is not altogether surprising, therefore, that he showed himself to our representative "not solely humorous but intensely earnest," or that the journalist's preconceived notions of the great writer were a trifle twisted by the time that he took his leave.

The first number of *London Opinion* has reached me. It is a bright little paper, modelled, apparently, on *T.P.'s Weekly*. The similarity is heightened, moreover, by the fact that Mr. T. P. O'Connor himself contributes the opening article. The key-note of the policy, by the way, is briefly stated in an editorial note: "It will be to record week by week the ripest thought in all departments of intellectual activity." There are to be no missing words or picture puzzles. In the opinion of Londoners such things may be amusing, but *London Opinion* will have none of them. All that the Editor desires is to "obtain the ear of well-cultured and earnest readers, whose trend of thought is towards enlightenment and progress." It is vastly refreshing, in these days of grab and snatch, to find an Editor with ambitions so lofty, and a proprietor—or a syndicate—willing to be content with a strictly limited circulation. A chatty contributor, I note, allows himself to describe Mr. Lloyd-George as "one of the few really good-looking men in the House of Commons." The description smacks of popular journalism, but the writer, doubtless, will have been discharged before these Notes appear in print.

I am rejoiced to hear that Mr. Edmund Payne, of the Gaiety, has written a play. I am still more delighted to learn that Mr. Payne has reserved the principal character for himself. His ability as a dramatist, of course, has yet to be proved, but it is certain, at any rate, that the work will not be lacking in humour. I call it a "work" advisedly, for the author himself declares that his effort is "unlike anything that is, or ever has been, on the stage—so much so, indeed, that I am trying to find a name that will describe its character." Yet, after all, why describe its character? Would it not be as well, since Mr. Payne is determined on originality, to leave the piece to speak for itself? Let there be a truce, for once in a way, to all these preliminary puffs, preliminary interviews, preliminary explanations. "A Play: By Edmund Payne," should be sufficient in the way of description, and then we should be spared the wrangling little paragraphs to the effect that "the *Sunday Star* is somewhat late in announcing the new comedy at the Duke of Cornwall's Theatre, this information having been printed in our columns some three weeks ago." For my own part, I find that the simplest method of keeping in touch with the movements of the theatrical world is to study the advertisement columns of the daily papers. Gratuitous advertisement is very well so far as it goes, but, when it comes to accuracy, I like to know that the manager has passed his own proofs.

The country clergyman who, through the medium of the *Lady*, begged that one or two ladies or an elderly retired Vicar would take lodgings in his village has my most sincere sympathy. It is all very well for jaded Londoners, when they rise in the morning and find the world steeped in spring sunshine, to sigh for the country; buttonhole these jaded ones at dinner-time, or an hour later, and you will find them perfectly satisfied with their surroundings. That is the deadly time in the wilds of the country—the evening. How one longs, as the shadows come creeping round, for the rattle of cabs, the glare of lights, the infinite companionship of a multitude! You lean from your open window, and the only sound that the night knows is the swish of the wind as it meets the shadowy trees. I trust, sincerely, that the country clergyman will persuade one or two ladies or an elderly retired Vicar to bear him company in his loneliness. At the same time, he must not grumble if his advertisement proves fruitless. Nor must he be altogether surprised if a certain number of Evangelical ladies (he asked for the Evangelical variety) and a certain number of elderly retired Vicars resent the wording of his request. When it comes to the point, it is hardly wise to suggest that two Evangelical ladies are equal to one elderly retired Vicar, or *vice versa*.

Four men, workers all, sat round a Club dinner-table. They were talking of their plans for Easter.

"Well," said the first, "I think I shall run over to Paris for a few days."

"Hang Paris!" said the second. "I'm going to put in three or four good days on the links."

"Links be blowed!" said the third. "I've mapped out a nice little motor-trip round the South Coast."

The fourth man said nothing. He was picturing to himself a snug hollow that lay beneath the crest of a rude headland; a white, winding road that stretched away and away across a rolling common; a deep, soft-voiced wood that cradled, with rustling tenderness, the infant Spring; a cottage; a moaning of waves, a hiss of spray, a rattle of round pebbles; a sight of sea-going ships beating down Channel; a scent of old turf borne on a west wind; in a word, a world of freedom, and salt kisses, and full lungs.

The other three, of course, rallied him on his reticence. "Now then," they demanded, "where are you going?"

"Oh," said the fourth man, "into the country somewhere. Have a drink?"



THE HUMOURIST AND THE BOAT-RACE.





## THE CLUBMAN.

*The Drunken "Draft" at Howick—Experiences with Other Drafts in South Africa.*

MORE fuss has been made concerning the outbreak of a draft at Howick, on the way down from the Transvaal to Pietermaritzburg, than there would have been had we not been in the dearest portion of the dull season, with little to talk about except catastrophes and imaginary battles on the Yalu. To be in command of a troublesome draft, generally of time-expired men, is an experience which comes to every officer sooner or later in his service, and how difficult it is to manage a draft the men of which have imbibed too freely everyone who has read Kipling knows.

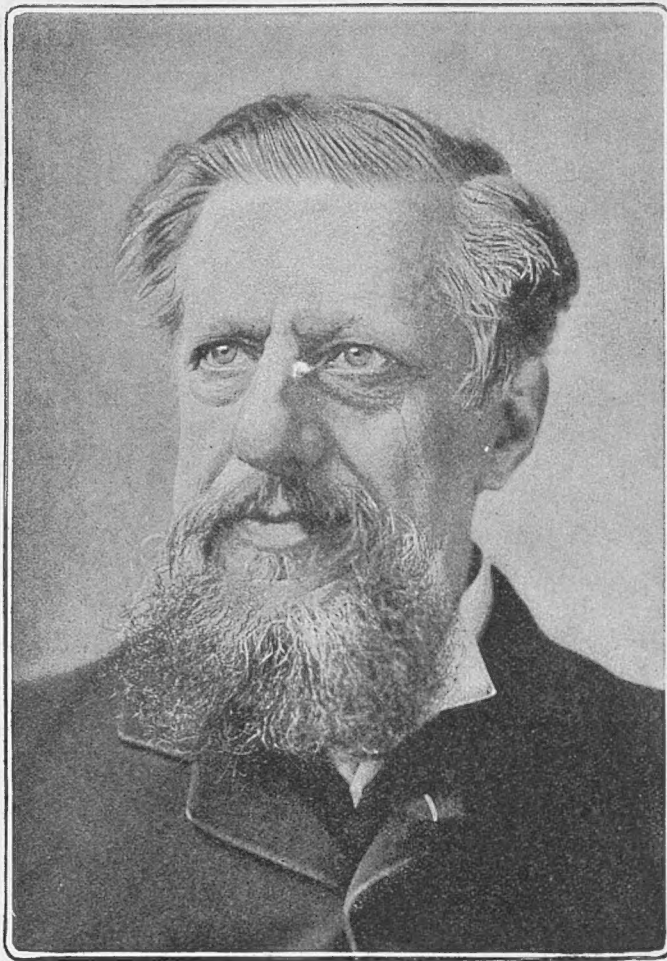
Two experiences of bibulous drafts in South Africa came my way during my soldiering days, twenty-odd years ago, in Natal and the Transvaal, one of which was a troublesome but humorous one, and the other a very grim and disagreeable one. After the Zulu War, I marched a draft of dismounted Mounted Infantry from Heidelberg to Durban to embark for England. The men were of three different regiments, but I knew every one of them well, liked each one of them, knew that there was not one of them I could not trust implicitly under fire, but also that there were not a dozen whom I could trust within a hundred yards of a canteen. They had all plenty of money, for they had drawn arrears of pay, but, by never camping near a town, I got them to Pietermaritzburg without any noteworthy incidents.

At Pietermaritzburg my men were put into camp outside the fort, and I was ordered to continue the march next morning at six. I put the teetotalers amongst my men on guard, and warned all the others that if they did not march at six next morning they would miss their passage to England, a statement received with an appreciative grin. At "last post," when I took the report, practically all the men of the detachment were absent without leave. A few had already been collected by the Military Police and were snoring in the guard-tent.

At 5 a.m. I began to assort my much-the-worse-for-wear army. The intention of all of the men who were present was good, but many had fallen into spruits and rose-fences on their way back, and there was a general disposition to discuss the advisability of having "one more" as I formed them up in a wavering line. Every time I counted them their numbers varied, for stragglers came in from all points of the compass, to be hailed hilariously by their comrades. At last I thought that I had a quorum which justified me in marching off, and I set my army in motion. As I did so, a newly landed Staff Officer appeared and demanded a "marching-out" state from me. This was red-tape with a vengeance. A "marching-out" state is an exact return of the men who march and of "casuals," men in hospital, &c. If I had taken my eye off my army for two minutes, I should have been compelled to return them all as "absent without leave"; so I treated the Staff Officer with contumely, for which I was duly reported.

I steered my command from the haunts of men by the shortest possible route, and then gave the command "March easy," which was

quite unnecessary, but it allowed the conversation to be carried on in a louder tone than before. One grizzled old ruffian had a bottle concealed in his shirt, and I heard quite a lively discussion as to whether I was to be offered a drink, the conclusion come to being that, though I was an adjectived good sort for an officer, it would be a pity to waste liquor which was scarce upon me. I halted my army at



THE LATE SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, K.C.S.I.

*Photograph by Sarony, New York.*

a spruit which I knew to be three miles from any canteen, and rode back to the town to collect my stragglers. Next day, I took on as sober and respectful a detachment as any officer could desire.

The other experience was one which burned itself into my memory, for it was the only occasion on which I saw British soldiers flogged. Two companies of infantry and my troop of Mounted Infantry were in permanent camp at Standerton, in the Transvaal, and a large draft passed through, going to regiments at Pretoria. The officer in command told us that he had found many of the men troublesome and that his young "N.C.O.'s" did not seem to have any authority over them. The second night after the draft had passed through I was ordered to parade at midnight, and found some of the infantry packed close in mule-waggons. The men of the draft had broken into a store and looted the spirits, and had plundered some Boer farms, and the officer commanding had appealed for aid. Through the night we drove and rode, and marched into the camp of the draft at daylight. The men in each tent were called out, and gave up their rifles, which were packed in the waggons; a court-martial was convened, and before the sun was a hand over the horizon three men had been tied to a waggon-wheel and flogged. The draft, unarmed and cowed, marched on to Pretoria; we rode back through the sun to Standerton; but the screams of one of the men, who was a coward, and the groaning grunts of the other two, who bit a piece of leather hard each time that the thongs of the cat scored their naked backs, haunted my dreams for many nights after.

## THE LATE SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

The death of Sir Edwin Arnold on Thursday of last week, after a somewhat prolonged illness, removed from our midst one of our finest scholars and writers and a poet of no mean distinction. Born in 1832, Sir Edwin was educated at Rochester and at King's College, London, afterwards going to Oxford, where he had a distinguished career. For a time he was a schoolmaster in Birmingham, and then went to India as Principal of the Government Sanskrit College at Poona. Returning to England in 1861, he joined the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, later on becoming Editor-in-Chief. Of his many works in prose and verse the best-known is "The Light of Asia," an epic-poem upon the life and teaching of Buddha which has passed through an enormous number of editions in this country and America. Sir Edwin's sympathies were always with the nations of the East, and Japan, in particular, had no warmer friend and well-wisher.



AN INVITATION-CARD DESIGNED BY STARR WOOD.



THREE SCENES FROM "THE CHERRY GIRL," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.



ACT I., SCENE 2.—ON THE HOUSE-TOPS (PIERROT-LAND). ENTRANCE OF BOW AND SCRAPE (MESSRS. MURRAY KING AND CHARLES TREVOR).



ACT II., SCENE 1.—A VILLAGE-GREEN IN OLD ENGLAND. MISS ELLALINE TERRISS AND HER CHORUS OF CANARIES.  
*"Good-bye, my little yellow bird."*



The Bridegroom.

ACT II., SCENE 4.—THE CHERRY GIRL AS A BRIDE.

*Photographs by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



**HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—MR. TREE.**  
CLOSED during HOLY WEEK. REOPENING EASTER MONDAY, at 8.15, with  
THE DARLING OF THE GODS.  
Zakkuri ... .. MR. TREE.  
Yo San ... .. MISS LENA ASHWELL.  
MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.

**GARRICK.—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER**  
and MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH, EVERY EVENING at 8.50 in THE ARM OF  
THE JAW. At 8.15, OLD CLOTHES. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.15.

**STRAND THEATRE.—Mr. Frank Curzon, Proprietor and Manager.**  
A CHINESE HONEYMOON (8 o'clock). (Established A.D. MCML.) By Mr. George  
Dance. Music by Howard Talbot. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.

**PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager,**  
Mr. Frank Curzon.—George Edwardes's and Charles Frohman's Company. THE  
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SPECIAL MATINEE, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, at 3.

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AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

**QUEEN'S HALL SUNDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS.**  
SUNDAY NEXT at 3.30.  
QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA. Conductor, MR. HENRY J. WOOD.  
Tickets, 1s. to 5s. (Admission Free), at the Hall and R. Newman, Manager, 320, Regent Street, W.

**GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.**  
EASTER EXCURSIONS.—See Advertisement Page 1.

**MIDLAND RAILWAY.**  
SPRING TRAIN ALTERATIONS.

New Time-Tables will be published, dated April, May, and June, and the following improvements  
and alterations will be made in the Express Services:

#### LONDON AND MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, &c.

An Additional Express will leave St. Pancras at 2.45 a.m. for Leicester, Loughborough,  
Nottingham, Derby, Manchester, Liverpool, &c.  
The 10.15 a.m. Express St. Pancras to Manchester (with Luncheon Cars) will leave at 10 and  
arrive at Manchester at 1.50, and a new Express will leave St. Pancras at 10.15 a.m. for Luton,  
Bedford, Leicester, &c.  
The 12.15 p.m. Express from St. Pancras will leave at 12.10 for Nottingham, Manchester  
(Victoria), Blackburn, Leeds, &c. (Luncheon Cars to Blackburn).  
The 12.20 p.m. Express St. Pancras to Derby and Manchester will leave at 12.15, and arrive at  
Manchester and Liverpool 17 minutes earlier.  
A Tea Car will be attached to the 4 p.m. Express St. Pancras to Leicester and Sheffield, and a  
Through Carriage for Derby. Passengers for the North Stafford Line will travel by this train  
instead of by the 4.20 p.m., which will leave St. Pancras at 4.30.  
The 1.35 p.m. Express Manchester to Derby, Leicester, and London will arrive at St. Pancras  
at 5.40 (15 minutes earlier) (Luncheon Cars Manchester to London).

#### LONDON AND SHEFFIELD, LEEDS, &c.

The 10.35 a.m. Express Bradford to London (with Luncheon Cars Harrogate and Bradford to  
London) will be expedited to reach St. Pancras 10 minutes earlier than at present.  
A Breakfast Car will be run by the 7.15 a.m. Express Sheffield to Nottingham and London.  
Luncheon Cars will be attached to the London Express leaving Bradford at 11 and Leeds at  
11.32 a.m. on Sundays.  
Luncheon Cars London to Manchester and Trent to Bradford by the 11.30 a.m. Express from  
St. Pancras on Sundays.  
Other improvements and alterations will be made, particulars of which will be found in the new  
Time Tables.  
JOHN MATHIESON, General Manager.  
Derby.

#### LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

**EASTER HOLIDAYS.—WEEK-END CHEAP TICKETS.**  
MARCH 31 and APRIL 1, 2, and 3, from and to LONDON and the SEASIDE,  
available for return on any day (except day of issue) up to April 5.

**DAY TICKETS.—GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER SUNDAY.**  
BRIGHTON IN 60 MINUTES BY PULLMAN LIMITED.—From Victoria  
11 a.m. 12s. Also Fast Trains 11.5 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction.  
Pullman Car 12s., First Class 10s.

**WORTHING.**—From Victoria 11.5 a.m., First Class, 10s., or including Pullman Car to  
Brighton, 12s.

**EASTBOURNE.**—From Victoria 9.25 a.m., First Class, 10s.; also Pullman Car Train from  
Victoria, 11.15 a.m., 12s.

**CYCLISTS' TRAIN.**—From Victoria 10.10 a.m. to Sutton, Dorking, Ockley, and Horsham.

**DAY EXCURSIONS.—GOOD FRIDAY, EASTER SUNDAY,**  
and MONDAY.—From London Bridge and Victoria to Brighton, Worthing, Pulborough,  
Amberley, Littlehampton, Bognor, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill,  
Hastings, &c.  
*Details of Superintendent of the Line, Brighton Railway, London Bridge.*

## ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

Published WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30.

The First Naval Battle Ever Photographed.  
THE ATTACK ON THE "VARIAG" AND THE BLOWING-UP  
OF THE "KORIETZ."

THE ATTEMPT TO SINK THE "TSAREVITCH."

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SKETCHES BY MELTON PRIOR.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," 198, STRAND, W.C.

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of it: "It is as true as it is subtle, and far beyond mere brilliancy; it is pathetically human."

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# SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE stay of their Majesties in Denmark will last at least a fortnight, and one of the largest family parties ever gathered round the venerable King Christian will be present to wish His Danish Majesty "many happy returns" on his eighty-sixth birthday. While the King and Queen are at Copenhagen, the Prince and Princess of Wales will spend their Easter holidays very quietly at York Cottage, Sandringham, and during their

stay they will receive a visit from the Royal bride and bridegroom, Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck.

## *The Court Mourning.*

The fact that the King has not found it possible to cancel all his engagements during the long period of Court mourning for the late Duke of Cambridge is a curious indication of the great pressure and hurry of these modern days. A generation ago, the death of a Prince of the Blood would have been followed by the complete seclusion of the Court for the prescribed period, but in those more deliberate days the consequences of this would not, of course, have been so inconvenient. A modern Sovereign, however, and especially one who takes so keen an interest in all that is going on as does King Edward, is obliged to put aside his private feelings and attend to the numerous claims upon his attention almost as much as if he had suffered no personal bereavement at all. This last week, with characteristic kindness, the King and Queen resolved not to disappoint the Law Society, but went and opened the new wing of their Hall in Chancery Lane on Wednesday, the day after the Duke's funeral, and only two days after the date originally fixed for the ceremony.

## *The Duke and the Cardinal.*

The Duke of Norfolk has once more returned to the active discharge of his duties as the chief Roman Catholic layman in the country. His laying the foundation-stone of the Newman Memorial Church at Edgbaston must have been a labour of love. Both the Duke and his brother, Lord Edmund Talbot, were educated at the Oratory School at Edgbaston, and they have retained an abiding veneration for the great English Cardinal who exercised so profound an influence on the men of his generation. The Memorial Church, which is to be as magnificent in its way as the new Westminster Cathedral, is to be built right over the existing small church, and the latter will not be demolished until the other is ready. The Duke of Norfolk, though there is reason to believe that the appointment of Dr. Bourne to succeed Cardinal Vaughan at Westminster was not one which he would have made himself, has, with characteristic loyalty, given the new Archbishop his warm support. It was an interesting occasion last week when the Duke, on behalf of the laity of Dr. Bourne's old diocese of Southwark, presented him with a carriage-and-pair, a sum of money, and an illuminated address.

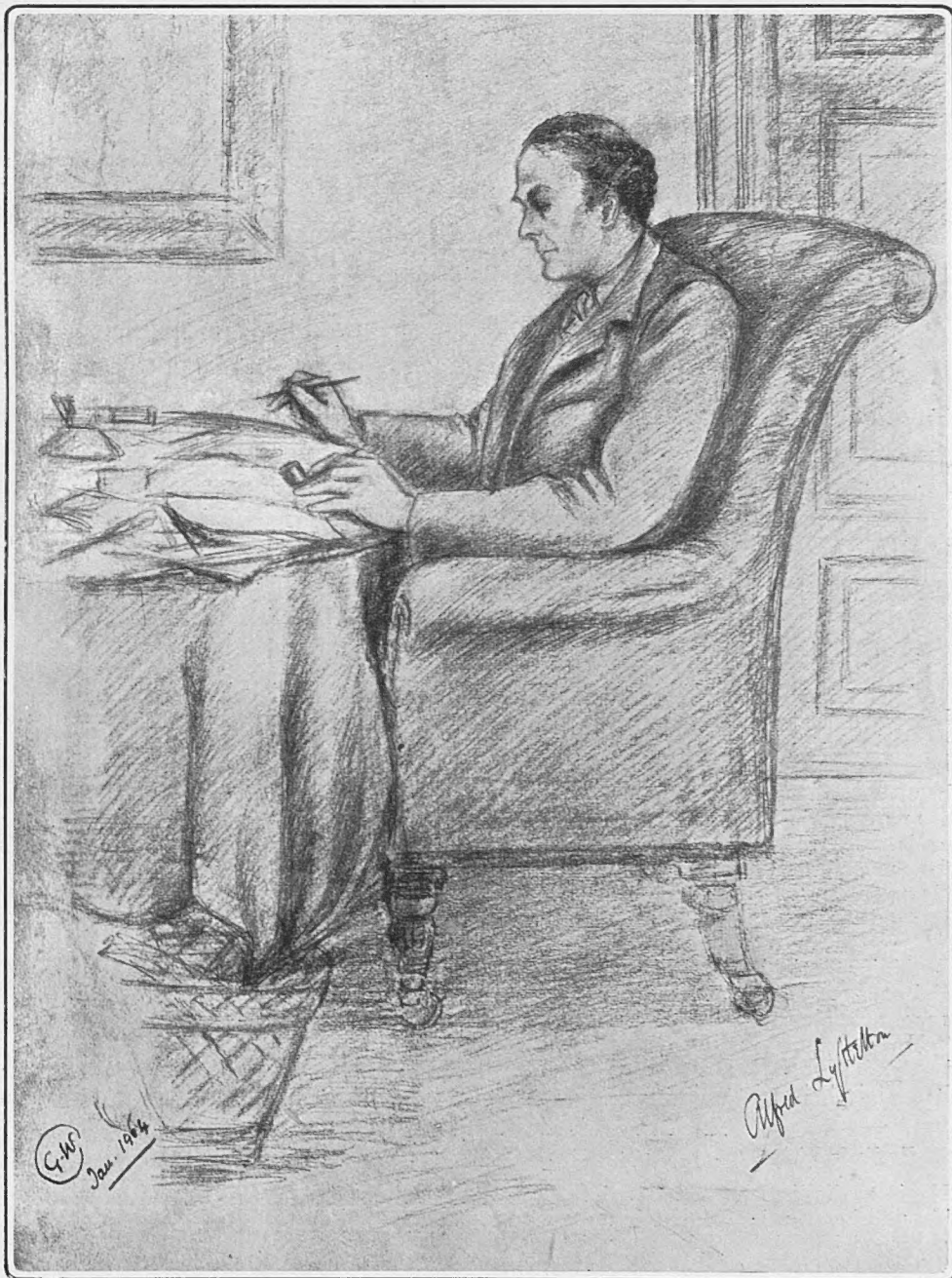
## *The Primate at Hereford.*

Altogether, last week had quite an ecclesiastical "note," for while the Duke of Norfolk was at Edgbaston, on Friday (the 25th) Monsignor Amigo was being consecrated to the Roman Catholic See of Southwark, and the Archbishop of Canterbury visited Hereford to dedicate the restored west end of the nave of the Cathedral. Hereford Cathedral is an exquisite gem of architecture, and

it is to be hoped that, on this occasion at any rate, the hand of the restorer has not meant the hand of the destroyer, as it generally does. Dr. Davidson and the militant Radical Bishop of Hereford, who was so long a terror to idle schoolboys at Clifton, and later at Rugby, no doubt avoided in their private conversation the thorny subject of Chinese labour for South Africa, on which they had already disagreed in the House of Lords, as well as "Fiscal policy."

## *The Guelphic Order.*

Almost all the papers have declared that the Duke of Cambridge was the last Knight of the old Hanoverian Guelphic Order. As a matter of fact, the Duke of Cumberland has the Grand Cross ("G.C.H."), and his brother-in-law, Baron von Pawel-Rammingen, is a Knight Companion of the Order ("K.H."). These are all that are left of British members, and, no doubt, there are others still surviving in Hanover. The Order was founded by no less a person than the Prince Regent in the year of Waterloo, to commemorate, not that event, but the establishment of Hanover as a kingdom. "Prinnie," as the garrulous Mr. Creevey has taught us to call him, was delighted with his Order, but it had not a very long life in England, for it ceased to be conferred over here when Queen Victoria came to the throne and the Crown of Hanover went to her "Uncle Cumberland" under the Salic Law.



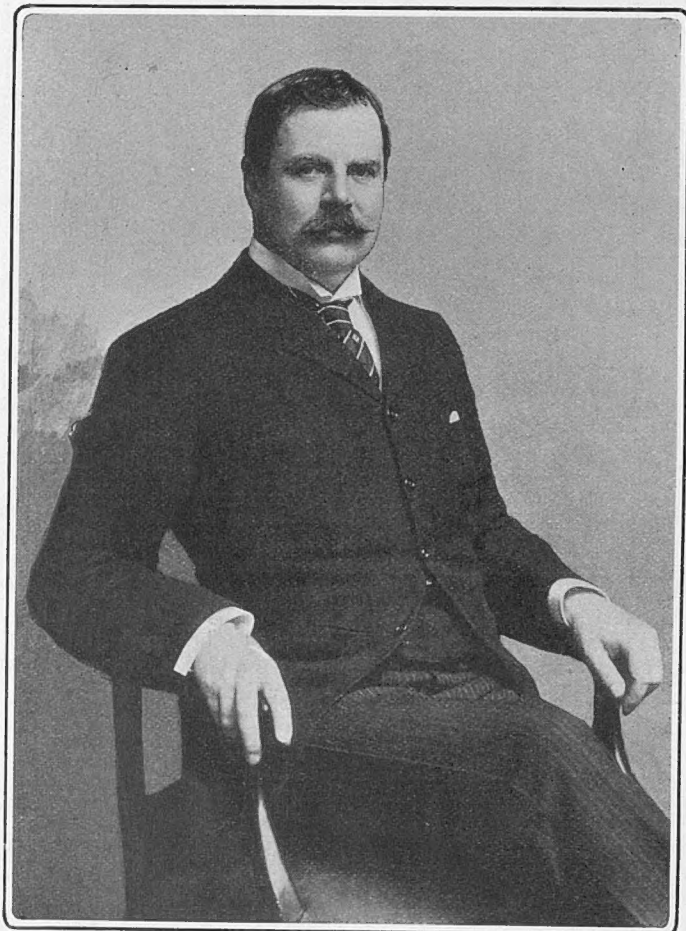
THE RIGHT HON. ALFRED LYTTTELTON, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES.

FROM A DRAWING BY THE COUNTESS OF WEMYSS.



*The Parliamentary Session.*

The first part of the Parliamentary Session has been of an extraordinary character. No eagerness has been shown by the Government to promote legislation. All the time has been taken up with general debates and with financial business. If the Government wish a dissolution,



LORD STANLEY, POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

*Photograph by Langfrier, Old Bond Street, W.*

everything is ready. They have secured the necessary supplies for carrying on the service of the State.

*An Independent Conservative.*

Major Seely has caused a Parliamentary sensation by formally resigning his seat for the Isle of Wight and taking the opinion of the electors on his opposition to the Government. At one time he was a favourite of the Conservative Party. He succeeded the present Lord Chief Justice as Member for the Isle of Wight shortly before the General Election, and, being then with the Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa, he was re-elected in his absence. As Major Seely distinguished himself in the war, he was cordially received when he appeared in Parliament. He sat for a time behind the Government, but recently moved below the gangway, beside his elder brother, the Member for Lincoln, and this Session he has taken a conspicuous part in criticising the Government.

The scene during his last speech was the most disorderly which has occurred on the Unionist side for several years. Conservatives are strict disciplinarians, and although they may tolerate opposition to their leaders on one question, they resent such independence as has been shown by Major Seely. "Go over to the other side!" cried a member during his last attack on the Government, and the exclamation was followed by tremendous cheering. It was impossible for the gallant gentleman to make himself heard on account of the clamour of former friends. The blood of the Party was up, and it showed no mercy.

Major Seely is only thirty-six. He is married to a daughter of Colonel the Hon. H. G. L. Crichton, who electioneered for him in 1900. His father and his father's father sat in the House. Sir Charles Seely is a great colliery-owner in Nottingham and has property in the Isle of Wight. Furzedown, the golf-ground of the Tooting Bec Club, belongs to him.

*A Radical Bishop.* The Bishop of Hereford is, except Lord Rosebery, the only sensationalist in the House of Lords. He is as Radical as Mr. Lloyd-George and as fearless in expressing his political sentiments. His attack on Lord Milner in the Chinese Labour debate drew a vigorous protest from Lord Goschen. It was as Private Secretary to Lord Goschen that the High Commissioner entered official life, and his old chief retains a firm faith in his powers and character. The Peers were interested by the manner in which the veteran Unionist statesman rebuked the Radical Bishop.

*The "P.M.G."*

Lord Stanley, who recently succeeded Mr. Austen Chamberlain as Postmaster-General, with a seat in the Cabinet, is one of the most universally popular members of the House of Commons. For some years he was Chairman of the Kitchen Committee, and during his reign there was little to grumble at. As Dinner Whip, also, he had ample scope for exercising his powers of diplomacy. The House still remembers with glee an answer of Lord Stanley's to Sir Wilfrid Lawson. The Law Officers of the Crown had discovered that the Kitchen Committee were acting illegally in selling liquor to strangers as well as to members, whereupon the Blue-ribbon Baronet arose to corner the Chairman of the Committee. "Does the noble Lord intend to go on breaking the law?" he queried. "Yes, sir," was Lord Stanley's simple but unexpected response.

*A Glorious Inheritance.*

It is *déjà quelque chose* to be the son and heir of the great house of Derby, and Lord Stanley, as his intimate friends know, fully realises his responsibilities. Yet there is not the least suspicion of "side" or priggishness about this tall, frank, genial young Englishman, with his charmingly easy manners and his wonderful knack of managing men. What he does not know about horses is not worth knowing, and, perhaps, his sportsmanship is the secret of his popularity with the Irish Members. It is strange to reflect that, if his uncle had accepted the Crown of Greece when it was offered him, Lord Stanley would probably now be Duke of Sparta, and heir-apparent to that interesting kingdom.

*Lady Alice Stanley.*

It is a curious instance of the way in which the Fiscal Question has divided the great political families that Lord Stanley's wife is the step-daughter of the Duke of Devonshire. Lady Alice Stanley, Mary, Duchess of Hamilton, and Lady Gosford are the three brilliant and beautiful daughters of the Duchess of Devonshire by her first husband, the late Duke of Manchester. It is well known that Lady Alice is honoured by the intimate friendship of the Queen, whom she serves as Woman of the Bedchamber, while her sister, Lady Gosford, is Lady of the Bedchamber.

*Mdlle. Jeanne Laurent.*

Mdlle. Jeanne Laurent, who comes of a military family, her father being an officer in the French Army, is an extremely gifted Parisienne, and since settling in London has made for herself a unique position by reason of her clever and charming recitations. At the age of sixteen Mdlle. Laurent made her début at the Novelty Theatre in Paris, where she stayed during the run of the piece then being played, attracting great attention. After this she went on tour, later resuming her work at the Novelty for two years, when she came to London and devoted herself to the art in which she is now so proficient. She is heard much too seldom by the general public, but those who have the privilege of hearing her recite in private salons testify to her charming personality, her ways being distinctly vivacious and those of a Parisienne.



MDLLE. JEANNE LAURENT, A GIFTED PARISIAN RECITER.

*Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.*



THE SWISS COTTAGE, NEAR OSBORNE HOUSE: AN INTERESTING SOUVENIR.

(SEE PAGE 370.)



IN THIS COTTAGE THE LATE QUEEN'S DAUGHTERS USED TO GIVE THEIR PRIVATE TEA-PARTIES.



THE KITCHEN, WHERE THE PRINCESSES DID THEIR OWN COOKING BY SPECIAL REQUEST OF QUEEN VICTORIA, EVERYTHING INSIDE THE BUILDING REMAINS UNTOUCHED.

"The Sketch" Copyright Photographs.



*The Royal Naval College, Osborne.*

The British Navy is admittedly the model of most foreign Fleets, and, whatever may be our shortcomings from a military point of view, on the sea at least our organisation is supposed to be almost perfect. One of the most important alterations in the direction of rendering the sea-service still more efficient and popular was the scheme inaugurated a year or so ago, in which it was laid down that "all officers for the Executive and Engineer branches of the Navy and for the Royal Marines shall enter the service as Naval Cadets, under exactly the same conditions, between the ages of twelve and thirteen." The Cadets are thus trained in all the duties of the Naval profession, including engineering, both ashore and afloat, till the time comes for them to be distributed among the three branches of the service.

*The Cadets.*

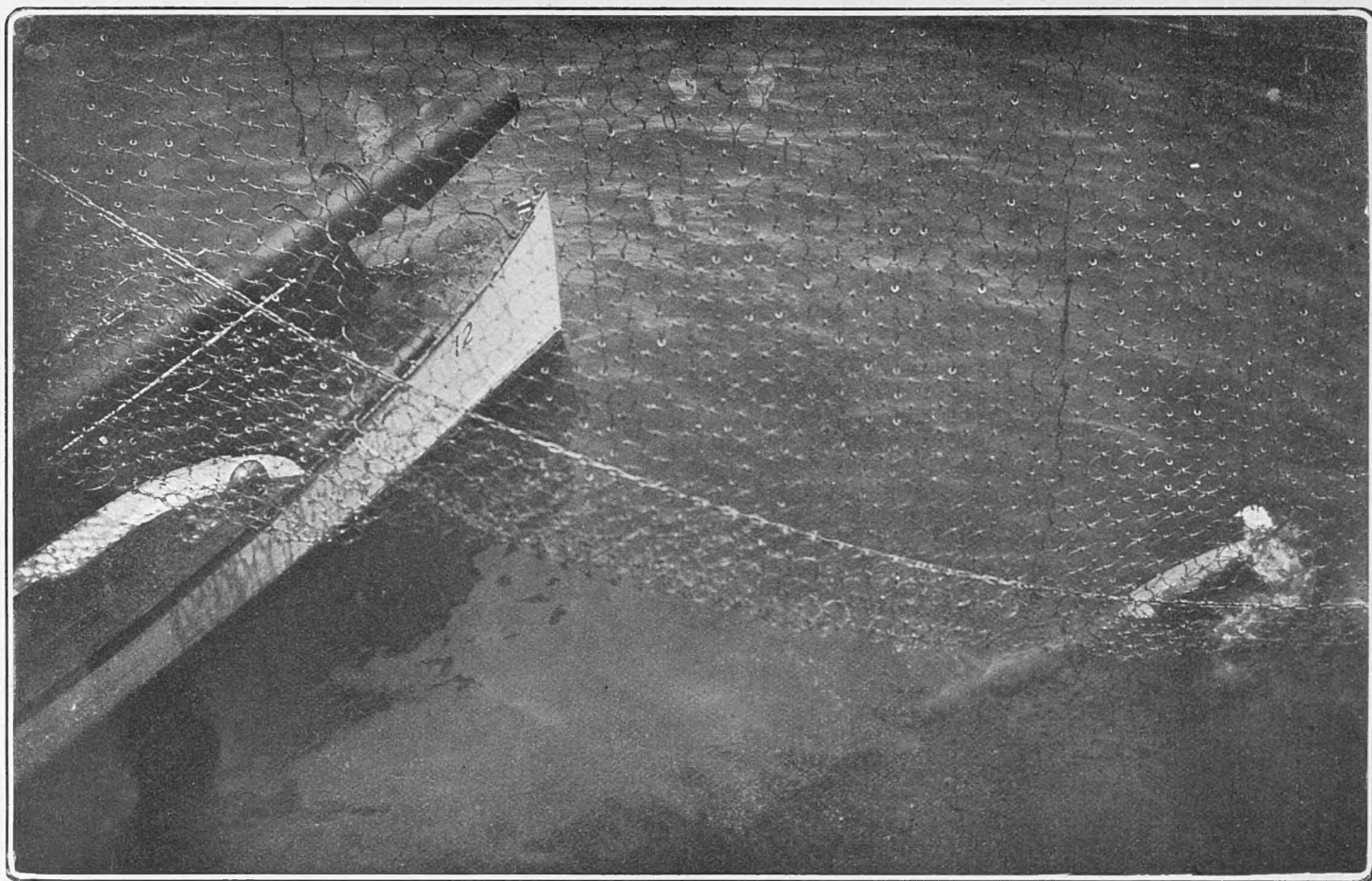
The outcome of this is that for a time we have two sets of Naval Cadets, those who entered under the old system, and the younger lads who are being trained at the Naval College on the Osborne estate. On the occasion of the King's recent visit to Portsmouth, after witnessing the evolutions of the submarine flotilla and the torpedo-boats, His Majesty landed at Trinity Pier and drove to the Kingston workshops, where the Cadets are taught the details of practical engineering, and thence to the

*Torpedo v. Netting.*

Just as since the advent of guns of enormous size and armour-plates of great thickness, a sort of duel has been going on between the two—the new gun of especial power, with a shell that penetrates several inches of solid steel, being answered by armour-plates so hardened as to resist it more or less effectually—so with the terrible torpedo and the devices to resist its onslaught. The British Navy was the first to introduce the torpedo-net, and other Powers have followed its example, especially since the beginning of the present war and the success of the Japanese with the torpedo. The netting is let down from the battleship or cruiser by means of booms and encircles the whole ship to a sufficient depth to intercept the unwelcome messenger of destruction. This has led to the invention of an apparatus by which the torpedo attempts to cut its way through the netting, though, as yet, little is known outside Navy circles as to its efficiency. The accompanying photograph shows a "Whitehead" caught in the toils.

*The Riviera.*

At Monte Carlo the death of the Duke of Cambridge is deeply regretted, for, while he favoured Cannes more than any other town on the littoral, he was a regular visitor to Monte Carlo, and rooms were engaged in his name at the Hermitage shortly before he died. He was frequently to be seen



A "WHITEHEAD" TORPEDO CAUGHT IN A SHIP'S TORPEDO-NETTING.

*Photograph by West and Son, Southsea.*

College itself, where the dormitories, class-rooms, and drill-hall were inspected. His Majesty afterwards entered the dining-hall while the lads were enjoying their mid-day meal, and "The King's Health," proposed by one of the boys, was received with enthusiasm and drunk in ginger-beer. The King, who was delighted with the incident, made a brief response, and, leaving the lads to finish their meal, adjourned to lunch with Captain and Mrs. Rosslyn Wemyss.

*The Swiss Cottage, Osborne.*

Situated something less than a mile from Osborne House and in one of the most picturesque parts of the beautiful grounds is a little building hallowed by many touching memories. Known as the Swiss Cottage, it was a favourite resort of His Majesty and his brothers and sisters when children, and here they spent many happy hours engaged in pastimes which all children love. The small patches of cultivated ground in the foreground of the picture were the gardens of the young Princes, and here they dug and planted to their hearts' content. Inside the cottage the young Princesses entertained their friends, tucking up sleeves and setting to work in real earnest to cook and prepare meals for their guests. It is said that the late Empress Frederick was particularly fond of house-work at the Swiss Cottage, and one of the last acts of Queen Victoria was to drive down in her pony-chaise to take tea in the favourite room of her eldest daughter. On this occasion she wrote to the Empress Frederick telling her how much she had enjoyed tea in her "dear little kitchen."

in the "Salle de Jeu." The season in the Principality continues to run its prosperous course, and gossip says that the profits of the "Cercle des Etrangers" will be greater than ever, for tables are all in play, all crowded, and all helping the Bank. There have been few sensational coups. Among interesting visitors to the Prince of Monaco's highly favoured domain, where, by the way, the weather has been perfect, is M. Kurino, who was the Japanese Minister to the Court of St. Petersburg down to the hour when negotiations yielded place to war. The Marquis Carlo Rudini and Archduke Ferdinand d'Este are among more recent arrivals, but the Russian element that took so large a part in the social life of the town is, saving the invalid contingent, conspicuous by its absence. The Princess Hohenlohe, who is noted for her many gifts as a sportswoman, has been seen to great advantage at the *tir-aux-pigeons*, where she has vanquished some notable sportsmen after hard-fought contests. Ex-President Steyn has been staying on the Riviera, and has visited ex-President Kruger at the Villa Gena, near the Italian frontier of Menton-Garavan. They say that Mr. Kruger will bring his long residence on the Riviera to a close in May and will return to Holland. The rumours relating to his health are not well-founded, but it cannot be denied that he is growing very feeble.

Mr. James Greenwood, the "Amateur Casual," has been rather out of sight lately, but he is still active. He has a new book of a humorous character ready for publication under the title "Among the Cranks."





## Small Talk on the Boulevards.

THERE are, I need scarcely say, cyces to be found at every street corner, writes respondent, and I have often wondered why, in these days of unions of a kind, no Cyces' Union has been started for the protection of the cyce from the renegade minor poet, who now sees most things in

rouver de rose as a result of too much cyceism in the past. However that may be, it is my duty to put the fact upon record that many rude remarks make cynical remarks about the *entente cordiale*, and declare that the perfect understanding has yet to be proved. Is this the case? French candies nowadays all have their linen washed and starched and generally "gotten up" in London, where Londoners prefer to see their shirts and collars over to Luton to be mangled by real French workwomen. Is more proof of a cordial understanding necessary?

Another "Marche." I went, with murder in my heart, out to the Porte Maillot the other morning, to be present at the

start of the Marche des Blanchisseuses, but these young ladies' natural charm entirely disarmed me. Some brand of hen started from the gates of Paris to work out to the Defense beyond Courbevoie, and wakened so well that all of us who had no cabs or motor-cars could do nothing save to go to bed in their wake. The Blanchisseuses of Paris have always had a certain reputation for figurative fastness, but here they proved that they were *bonnes marcheurs* in a most bona fide sense and though comparisons be odious, I must say that they wakened a good deal better than the Madnettes some months ago.

The craze for wakening, which this, I am told, died down in London, is still here. We have had Marches of the Marmottes and Minnettes, a March of Conheavers with sacks of corn upon their backs, which was extremely amusing for onlookers; a March of the Montmartre Berger-Poets, who had upon their route to write a song on the difficulties corn put in their way this week; the Marche des Blanchisseuses, and soon we shall have the most interesting March of all, the Army Walk, which the *Marmottes*

organising Sport, which we Britshers were wont to think a British monopoly, has found its way into Parisians' hearts, and now the average Frenchman is as good a sportsman as the other member of the *entente cordiale* though, curiously enough, he still insists on overruling every sport he practices to most to English fashion.

### "Toutou's" Spring Costumes

But dressing is, as practised here to all intents and purposes as much an *art* as the others, and has been hitherto for me for many years since spring has become spring like and the dogs of Paris have assumed their spring costumes. For years I used to insist that the stories of Paris dogs' dresses were mere fiction of the halfpenny-newspaper man and meant to fill the page which the man in the train was to take home to Mary and the children in the evening, but long experience and a visit to the Rue St Honoré have taught me that the marvellous toilette of "Toutou" does indeed exist and that "Toutou," poor little haggard wears it.



MADAME MADELEINE FERNIERE, THE MOST PROSPEROUS WOMAN ARTIST IN THE WORLD.

Ma tante Madeleine Lemaire, as she is always called in French Society, is said to earn a larger income by her art than any other woman artist now living, and this is the more remarkable in view of the fact that her best work consists of wonderfully delicate water-colour paintings of flowers, though she has been, according to some critics, equally happy in fine aquarell figure work. Madame Lemaire comes of a family famed in the annals of French art, and the works of several of her forebears may be found both in the Louvre and in the Luxembourg, while she inherits her delicate talent from her aunt, Madame Herbet, who stood among the first half-dozen of the French miniaturists of the nineteenth century. Madame Lemaire was only thirteen when she exhibited at the Salon of 1864 a portrait which made a considerable sensation, but she soon gave up oils for water-colours, and it is as a water-colourist that she is known. Her artistic triumphs have been, to a certain extent, due to the fact that she is a very prominent leader of French Society.



## MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

REALLY and truly we are quite a popular nation. Not only does the Kaiser declare that Germany, as a fortress, is "grander than everything British," but France says nice things about us, while Russia has the *Entente Cordiale* with us. My morning paper quotes from the *Venetsky*, an important organ of the enlightened public in St. Petersburg, an expression of opinion to the effect that the good relations existing between London and Paris paves the way for a Russo-Franco-British Alliance. I myself am very pleased to hear this, though, as a canny Scot used to say when I proposed articles that would send the circulation of his paper sky-high, and would incidentally benefit my lean exchequer, "I have me doubts." But what does the Kaiser think of the *Venetsky's* article, with its ill-disguised sneer at the sincerity of German friendship for Germany has assured us, through the medium of the official Press that she is Russia's real friend, and that feelings quite responsive to her own prevail in every Muscovite breast. Yet, despite this official assurance, a leading Russian paper, reflecting the opinions of Governors as well as of law-abiding citizens, is so much astounded that Germany's political favours are ever for sale to the highest bidder. The Kaiser must realise how much sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have an ungrateful neighbour whose territory marches side by side with that of Germany for more than eight hundred miles.

From time to time Mr. Tesla starts the war. I had almost written, certainly, if Mr. Edison or some other inventor devises anything specially new and striking I look to see an announcement that Mr. Tesla has something a good deal better up his sleeve, so I am seldom disappointed. Happily, Mr. Tesla does not always in this regard. This thought gives me some hope of being able to continue to live and thrive without working as a writer for the papers. For mark you, if Mr. Tesla succeeds in his latest scheme the daily paper will cease to exist. Does not Mr. H. G. Wells substitute giant megaphones for newspapers in one of his most fascinating books? Well, Mr. Tesla is going still farther, and has some fine scheme for using electricity to collect all news, verify, sub-edit, arrange, and finally bring it to our door at a price that will make even the halfpenny papers dear. This is his plan so far as I can gather it from a note in my daily paper. Pie-pont Morgan is said to be behind the new discovery. I am not much surprised. Obviously in its present nebulous condition Mr. Tesla's is an invention that requires to be taken on trust.

Great is Houdini, against whom neither policeman nor hand-club nor prison cell shall prevail. One of the contemporaries of my morning paper, a journal which does not get as the credit it deserves for presenting pictures of events in the Far East on the day following their occurrence—or non-occurrence—changed Houdini. The management put him into a special set of handcuffs that had cost their inventor five years of sleepless nights, and Houdini opened them in something under an hour. I suppose he gets a big salary from the managers of movies for demonstrating that police precautions are worth so little, but he ought to get much better wages for it. Why should

we not open a school for young cracksmen and elderly Napoleons of finance? The records of the G. O. say only that there is no class of society that can altogether afford to dispense the lessons in a modern Jack Sheppard has to teach. Houdini shot a like the work, indeed, it would be a labour of love, for we have been assured that "Love laughs at locksmiths" and that is just what Houdini has been doing.

The comments of most of the contemporaries of my morning paper upon the hard case of Mr. Sully, ex-Corner-Corner man, set my philosophic mind. Owing to the very audacious desire of Mr. Sully and certain of his friends to make as much money as possible without vexatious delay, a few thousands of our poorer fellow-citizens in



OUR BRITISH BIRD THE PENGUIN, INNET

DRAWN BY S. J. W. J.

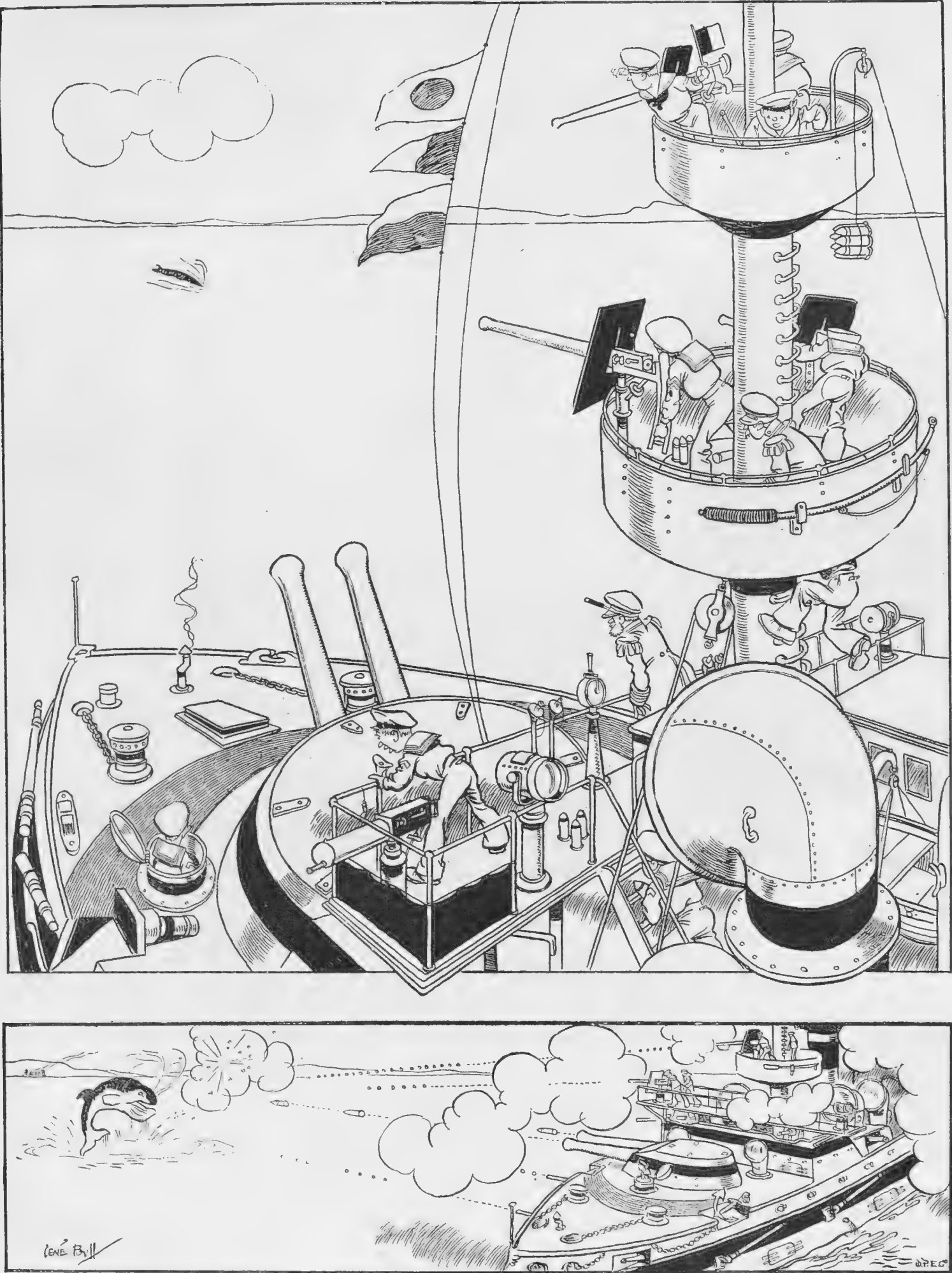
Socialists, Labour Leaders, and people whose passively resisting consciences have made Police Court martyrs of them.

I have been reading in the paper that, as a result of the Bayss-Coverge case, the defendant has been enabled to lay nearly a thousand pounds to the Society that seeks to abolish vivisection. The public, feeling that Mr. Coverge is a kind and humane gentleman, and that even though Professor Bayss be no less, there are aspects of vivisection that are frankly revolting. I as a subscriber, mainly to meet the charges and costs that the defendant was called upon to pay. The society was given to the Society as a gift to compensate for the advantages of its adversary. Now the humanitarian side of my faculties has been exercised by this result, which has support at least a keener hope for the future of scientific laboratories and Anti-Vivisection Societies. You see, Professor Bayss gets two thousand pounds for science and Mr. Coverge is able to place nearly half that sum at the disposal of his opponents. Consequently, if the Society can raise a sufficient number of rebel actions, its finances will flourish like the green bay tree, and it will get any amount of advertisement. *Per contra*, scientific research will receive a splendid impetus, and struggling young scientists will rise up and laud the Anti-Vivisection Society's blessed. So everything will be for the best in a world that, as a critic, is a fairly satisfactory place to live in.

unpleasant and everywhere have been thrown out of work and reduced to serious consideration of a fascinating problem—that is, how to live respectably on nothing at all. What aspect of affairs morning papers have now got to do, realising that adversity is no bad thing for men, even though it presses hard upon women. Between Mr. Sully's lease of cars tumbled into the speculative pit, expressions of concern, touched however slightly with sympathy, were to be read on every side. Clearly it is understood that a millionaire who loses his or other people's, as is fit and proper object for respectful commiseration. Indeed, I have been reading hopeful suggestions that Mr. Sully may yet right himself, restore his fortunes and set out once again on the lofty pinnacle to which some millionaires and spinning-folk cannot attain. There are a few people who do not share these hopes, but I care for no such part, I fear, Ray, as

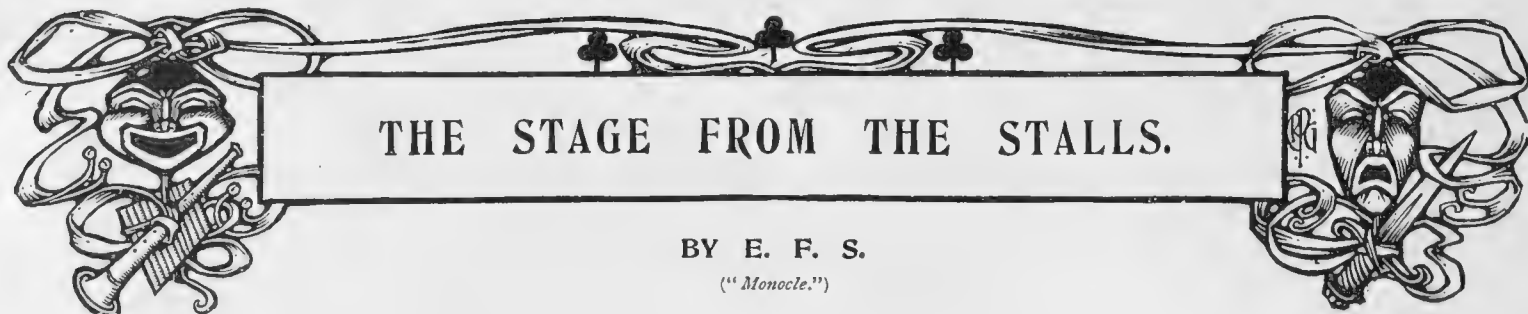


ANOTHER JAPANESE TORPEDO-ATTACK, AND HOW IT WAS REPULSED.



DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL, OUR SPECIAL WAR-ARTIST IN LONDON,





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

MR. H. ARTHUR JONES AND THE BRITISH DRAMA.

ON the 18th inst. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones delivered a lecture at the Royal Institution to a distinguished audience, on "The Foundation of a National Drama," which may be regarded as the complement of his article in the *Nineteenth Century* on the recognition of drama by the State. Lately, we have had words from Mr. Jerome K. Jerome as to the moribund state of English drama; it appears that Mr. J. M. Barrie sees danger, and has a scheme. The

Stage Society is talking of building a playhouse. These matters are signs of the times. Nor may the efforts of theatre proprietors to suppress drama in the music-halls be overlooked—efforts which, so far as they are made by those who produce legitimate drama, are entitled to a respect scantily shown. Mr. Jones, in his lecture, after referring sadly to a volume of his, called "The Renaissance of English Drama," published in 1895, asked his listeners to consider the state of things shown by the bills of the West-End theatres, but deemed it indiscreet to give details: I am less discreet. On the night when he spoke, twenty so-called first-class London theatres were open. At four only was legitimate English drama being given, and one of the four pieces was a revival.



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS AND MR. SEYMOUR HICKS IN "THE CHERRY GIRL."

Photograph by Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

Three adaptations from the French, one from the German, one from the American, and a German play completed the tale of legitimate drama. At ten houses musico-dramatic works were advertised of various degrees of excellence, but in hardly any case reaching the level of seriously conceived comic opera. It is not surprising that an English dramatist uttered a note, and more than a note, of warning. Mr. Jones occupies a superb position, well earned. He has to his credit a large number of successful pieces, nearly all representing true English comedy, and it may be taken that a very great sum of money has been earned by the production of his plays: were he anything but an unselfish enthusiast, he might say comfortably to himself that, so long as there is a market for his wares, it does not matter to him whether the public taste for drama wanes and competition grows less and less. However, it happens, fortunately, that not only is he a dramatist of whom we may well be proud, but he takes an almost passionate interest in his art.

For years and years Mr. Jones has been striving against the deadly reaction that has set in, and he appears to see no hope, save by State endowment of a theatre. It is noteworthy that there is an outcry in the United States concerning the "slump" in legitimate drama. It is conceivable that the matter goes far deeper than the question of drama, and that the text of the lecture at the Royal Institution, which is the phrase in one of the daily papers, "the English nation has made up its mind not to take the English drama seriously," is indicative of a change—temporary, I hope—and that the public is taking nothing save luxury seriously. At the present moment, when almost all save those who live from hand to mouth spend relatively, as well as absolutely, twice as much as their fathers did, a change in public taste is not astonishing, and I should not

be surprised if there is no amelioration in drama until we have been through a period of seven lean years. So long as an important element in the support of the theatres consists of the people who go to the playhouse after gorging at costly restaurants, the state of modern English comedy will be precarious. Full stomach, empty head.

Unfortunately, from my point of view, the mistake is being committed by Mr. Jones, as well as by others, of complaining not only of the managers and the public, but also of the players. One cannot pretend that it is easy to get an ideal cast for every class of play. I think that Mr. Jones and other dramatists are too exacting. He is over-modest: in his best work he draws characters so well that an average performance is sufficient. Within certain limits, it appears to me that the better the play, the less the need for an amazing performance. It may be suggested that this can be hardly applicable to the works of Shakspeare; I am Philistine enough to believe that the peculiar quality of his plays, which has rendered Shakspeare immortal, is altogether beyond the scope of the theatre. Certainly we have many bad performances in London; this, I think, is due in part to the actor-manager system, not merely because actor-managers object to being outshone in their own houses, but also because they are not able to see what is going on in the other houses, with the result that often a brilliant performance by an obscure player makes no change in his or her position. It has long been noticed, for instance, that at trial matinées and Stage Society performances few managers are present. It may be added that the injury done to plays by bad acting is generally done by players deemed public favourites and very rarely out of engagements. If juries were infallible, I would give a sadly long list of actors and actresses called popular favourites, and constantly at work, who, on opinion by ballot of the critics, would promptly be sent into the country, if permitted to remain on the boards at all.

The bigger question, of course, is whether the State should interfere and grant a subsidy. I much dislike the fallacy involved in the phrase, "Good in theory, but bad in practice," so, refraining from it, would say that, if a subsidy could be well used, the grant would be a gain to the State, but the useful employment is very unlikely. The suggestion that it means taxing A. and B. for something that only A. wants, no doubt, is formidable. If it were a question of the rates, we should find passive resisters amongst those people who regard the theatre as a place of evil, people who, by the way, have a better case now than for many years past, since, apart from the question of morality in idea, it is open to them to complain that, roughly speaking, nearly all the musico-dramatic pieces—that is to say, the works given at half our theatres—appeal strongly to the senses and dangerously to those who are not case-hardened. On the other hand, the passive-resistance question could hardly arise on a tax. Obviously the subsidy would be intended for the theatre of ideas and not figures. That there is any chance of a subsidy it cannot be pretended; the two political parties are chronically too busy playing the game "I'm the King of the Castle" to deal with this kind of question; and, indeed, to many the simple fact that the public does not support legitimate drama voluntarily would seem a reason why it should not be compelled to support it; moreover, a time when the public expenditure bounds up a few millions every year and we cannot afford salaries for Judges enough to keep the pot boiling in the Strand is not one when further taxes or employment of them would be considered favourably.

There is, I fancy, more chance of getting a Municipal subsidy, perhaps in the shape of a grant of one of the new sites which seem clinging rather tightly to the hands of the County Council, the financial position of which is, relatively speaking, better than that of the Imperial Exchequer. A union of the not altogether harmonious set of despondent optimists, who well deserve the support of the dramatists in a danger of finding themselves on the road to ruin, might effect something if an approach with a plausible cut-and-dried scheme were made to Spring Gardens. Indeed, the "L. C. C." might very well (with proper Parliamentary power) build a theatre on one of the sites, and let the modern English comedy theatre settle the question whether a public interested in drama exists: in the event of disaster, the Municipality apparently would not suffer, for someone would take over the house as a music-hall or for production of musical comedy. I do not deny nor admit the truth of the proposition that the State ought to support the legitimate drama, but merely assert that it will not do so for many years to come, and, therefore, instead of spending energy in whipping a dead horse, the reformers should turn their attention to other schemes.

REVIVAL OF "HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR" AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH AS STELLA DE GEX.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY MRS. LEE HANKEY.



## MARK TWAIN ON THE LAW OF COPYRIGHT.

A SPECIAL INTERVIEW WITH THE GREAT HUMOURIST AT HIS VILLA NEAR FLORENCE.

HALF-AN-HOUR'S journey from Florence in the Sesto tram (writes a representative of *The Sketch*), and then another twenty minutes' gentle uphill walk along a lane, will bring you to a small iron gate in a wall—the wall which encloses the grounds of the Villa di Quarto, where Mark Twain is spending the winter.

It was raining dismally when I arrived, as it can rain sometimes in Florence; the chrysanthemums round the villa were woefully bedraggled, and there was a general feeling of damp discomfort in the air, so that I was scarcely surprised when I was told that the famous humourist was confined to bed with a sharp attack of rheumatism. Fortunately, however, he sent word that he would receive me.

What wonderful eyes Mark Twain has! At times, in repose, seeming to be set far back in his head, dull, dead of expression, and then, of a flash, shining out keen, piercing, full of life. I recognised at once the mass of long hair inclined to curl, the heavy moustache, and the shaggy eyebrows of lighter hue, which go to make up the characteristic head so familiar in portraits. He has extraordinarily expressive hands, full of nervous force, seeming to point his meaning even more than the vigorous "By George!" with which he would introduce a more than usually interesting comment.

On my entrance, I made some stumbling apology for my intrusion, and he said, rather severely, that he had made it a rule never to be interviewed between whiles, but that during the twenty-four hours preceding his departure from one country and the twenty-four hours after his arrival in another country he was open to all comers.

I hoped that my visit would not result in his undoing, and inquired if he knew Italy well.

"No, I should like to very much, but this is the only part of Italy that I know. A very pleasant race the Tuscans are, and I get on well with them in a deaf-and-dumb fashion; not that I did

not carry on long conversations with every Italian I met when I was in Settignano eleven years ago, only I spoke English and the Italian spoke Italian, and neither of us understood what the other was saying. But we never bore malice and always parted friends.

"The world, of course, is the same all over, and I have my singular correspondents here, too. To-day I have received a letter from a Florentine gentleman in which, as far as I can make out with the aid of my daughter, he asks me to pay him twenty francs for some copies of his paper which he sent to me and as recompense for five visits which he has made to my house 'at grave risk from your dogs.' I did not ask for his papers, I did not ask him to pay me those visits, and the dogs who threatened his life belong to my neighbour!"

In speaking of the followers of Mrs. Eddy, who do not reason but blindly believe, he said: "For the matter of that, the ordinary followers of any religion may be accused of the incapacity to reason clearly about it. The opinion of 'The Man in the Street' is worthless on a subject of which he has not made a special study. Lawyers, perhaps, and

College Professors may be listened to with attention on their own subjects, for their training has been long and in one direction, but this is true of scarcely any other men.

"Take, again, the burning Copyright question. Why, when I want some plumbing done in the house, do I go to the expense of getting the plumber out from the town, if the village carpenter who lives next door could do the work as well and cheaper? It is just because he does not understand the mysteries of pipes and soldering that I do not ask him for his opinion. And why should we expect the seven hundred or so Members of Parliament or Congress to settle

satisfactorily the intricate question of Copyright? Perhaps there are twenty-five out of the whole number who have written a book that has achieved success; of these twenty-five certainly not more than five have written a book that will outlast the statutory forty-two years. The remaining six hundred and seventy-five may be gifted with more than average intelligence, but that is not sufficient if they are to adjudicate on a matter outside their own special province. Now the learned Law Lord who examined me when I appeared before the House of Lords made a point that the owner of land, for instance, had a right to perpetual freehold, but not the author of a book, the value of which depended on an *idea*, on something evanescent. I objected at once that the value of real estate was as much dependent on an idea as any book was. Take a simple example: A shrewd traveller in the heart of Africa comes upon some land, which he foresees will some day become the centre of a network of railways, and purchases it from the local chief. At that moment it is not worth a cent, but will be valuable in the future, in his children's or his grandchildren's time, years after some wretched writer, perhaps, would have ceased to have any property in a book he had written at the same time. And yet in both cases it was

an *idea* which gave the value, and why should there be this discrimination? I cannot understand why Lord Macaulay, who was qualified to judge, and whose advice was listened to, favoured the forty-two rather than the sixty years' limit in copyright. But, even with forty-two years, the English are better off than we with our twenty-eight years in America. It is true that we can extend our copyright for another fourteen years, but the application has to be made, personally, within the last six months of the term, and it is not always easy to remember dates."

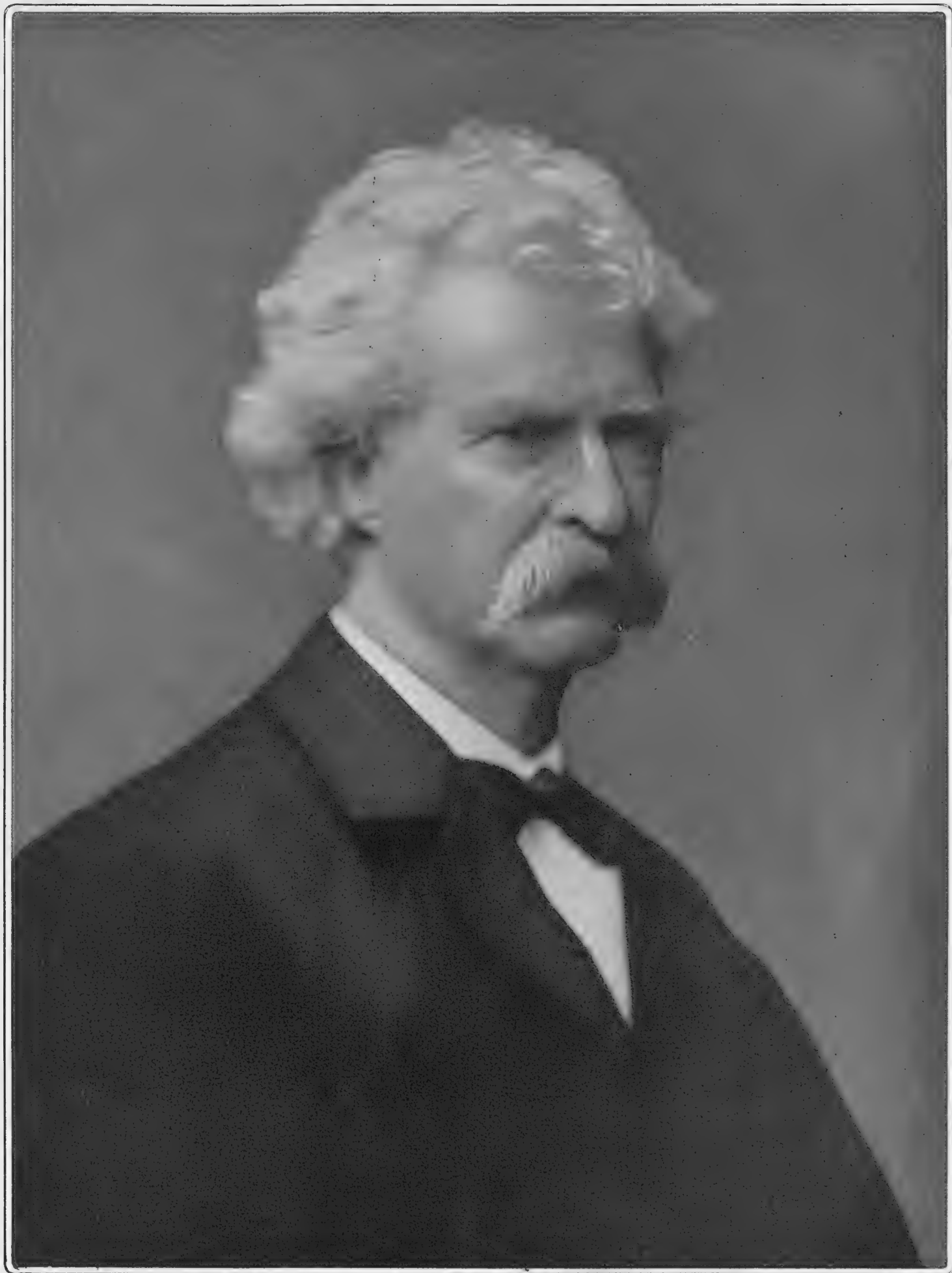
I rose to go, and, looking out of the window at the incessant rain, expressed a regret that Florence was treating him so unkindly with her weather. "Well, it is rather an incentive to imaginary rheumatism. Mother Eddy has not taught me yet to suppress my imaginings."

Whereat I laughed and took my leave, and so ended a long visit in which all my preconceived notions of the great writer had been upset, and a new Mark Twain showed himself to me, not solely humorous but intensely earnest.



MARK TWAIN IN THE GARDEN OF THE VILLA DI QUARTO, NEAR FLORENCE.

"A NEW MARK TWAIN SHOWED HIMSELF TO ME, NOT SOLELY HUMOROUS BUT  
INTENSELY EARNEST."



"MARK TWAIN" (MR. SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS).

*Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.*



## INSIDE THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, OSBORNE.

(SEE "SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.")



THE DRILL-HALL.



AT SCHOOL: A SPECIAL FEATURE AT THE COLLEGE IS THE NUMBER OF SMALL CLASSES.



ONE OF THE DORMITORIES.

*"The Sketch" Copyright Photographs.*

INSIDE THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, OSBORNE.

(SEE "SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.")



AT DINNER: OUR PHOTOGRAPHER CAUSES A DIVERSION.



THE WORKSHOP: A SOUND KNOWLEDGE OF ENGINEERING IS ESSENTIAL TO THE MODERN NAVAL OFFICER.

*"The Sketch" Copyright Photographs.*



## TO A RIVER VISITANT.

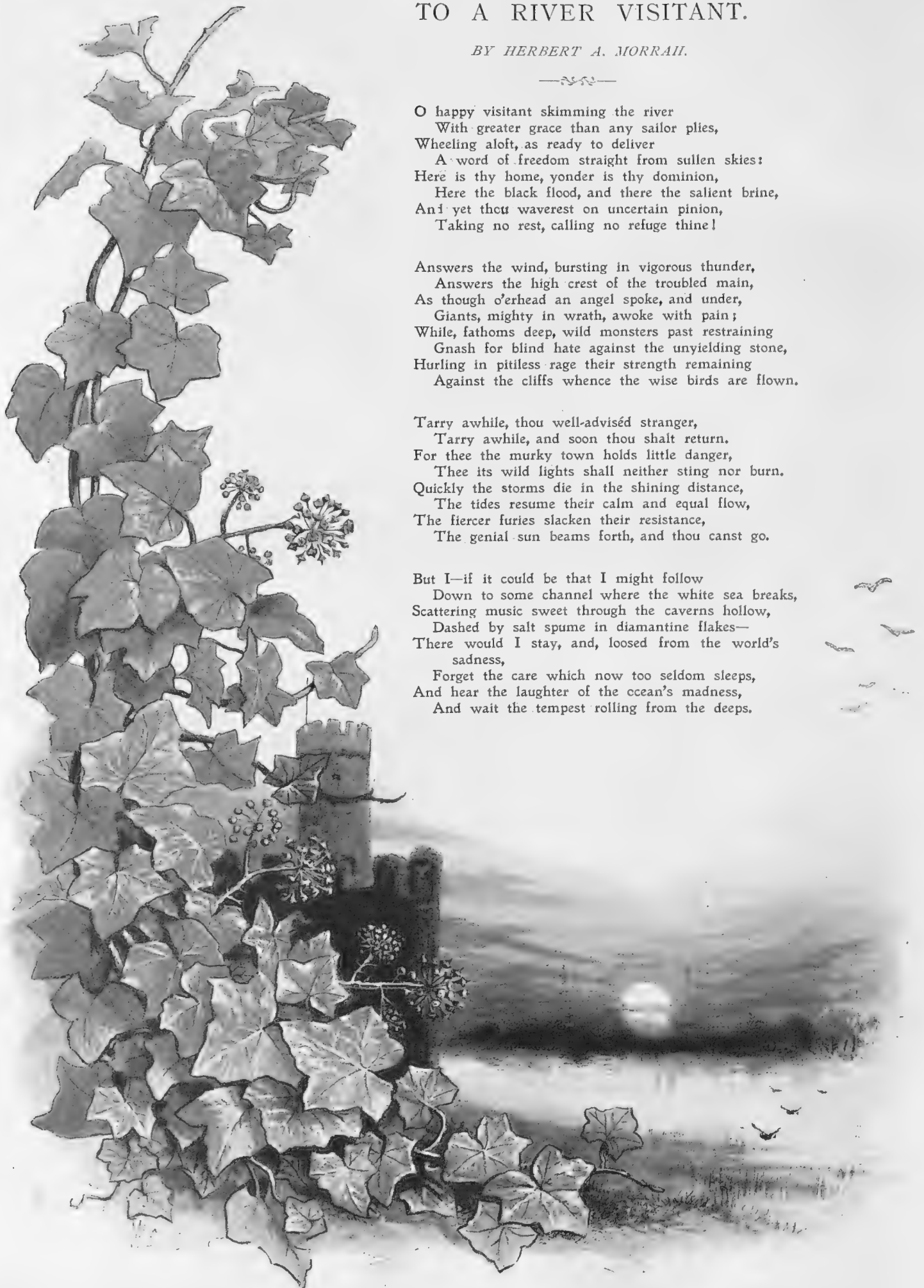
BY HERBERT A. MORRAH.

O happy visitant skimming the river  
 With greater grace than any sailor plies,  
 Wheeling aloft, as ready to deliver  
 A word of freedom straight from sullen skies:  
 Here is thy home, yonder is thy dominion,  
 Here the black flood, and there the salient brine,  
 And yet thou waverest on uncertain pinion,  
 Taking no rest, calling no refuge thine!

Answers the wind, bursting in vigorous thunder,  
 Answers the high crest of the troubled main,  
 As though o'erhead an angel spoke, and under,  
 Giants, mighty in wrath, awoke with pain;  
 While, fathoms deep, wild monsters past restraining  
 Gnash for blind hate against the unyielding stone,  
 Hurling in pitiless rage their strength remaining  
 Against the cliffs whence the wise birds are flown.

Tarry awhile, thou well-advised stranger,  
 Tarry awhile, and soon thou shalt return.  
 For thee the murky town holds little danger,  
 Thee its wild lights shall neither sting nor burn.  
 Quickly the storms die in the shining distance,  
 The tides resume their calm and equal flow,  
 The fiercer furies slacken their resistance,  
 The genial sun beams forth, and thou canst go.

But I—if it could be that I might follow  
 Down to some channel where the white sea breaks,  
 Scattering music sweet through the caverns hollow,  
 Dashed by salt spume in diamantine flakes—  
 There would I stay, and, loosed from the world's  
 sadness,  
 Forget the care which now too seldom sleeps,  
 And hear the laughter of the ocean's madness,  
 And wait the tempest rolling from the deeps.



TYPES OF RUSSIAN CAVALRY.

DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



I.—A RAILWAY GUARD ON THE MANCHURIAN RAILWAY.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE Spring announcements are quite up to the average. The increase of biographical and autobiographical books is very marked. Every notable person is now expected to write his or her reminiscences, and old letters and papers are being put in type and receiving a welcome. Thus Lord Acton's Letters to Mrs. Drew have just appeared, and we are to have the Memoirs of Miss Constance Gordon-Cumming, of Professor Campbell Fraser, Mortimer Menpes' "Recollections of Whistler," the Rev. G. R. Gleig's "Personal Reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington," two volumes of additional Letters by Thomas Carlyle, edited by his nephew, "Christopher Marlowe and his Associates," by J. H. Ingram, and many other books of the kind. Herbert Spencer's Autobiography bids fair to be the most important of the number, unless Mr. Murray is successful in securing the early publication of the Letters of Queen Victoria. Mr. Murray is able to announce Sir Alfred Lyall's Life of the Marquis of Dufferin, in two volumes.

Books of literary criticism are also fairly numerous. Among these, Dr. William Barry's "Heralds of Revolt" should take a prominent place. It consists mainly of elaborate studies of "Amiel," Nietzsche, George Eliot, and other pioneers, from the *Quarterly Review* and other periodicals. Dr. Barry is also publishing a Study of Newman in the "Literary Lives" series, and Dr. Dowden's book on Browning is to be followed immediately by another on the same subject from the accomplished pen of Professor Herford.

Yet another book on Matthew Arnold is announced by Messrs. Putnams. The writer is Mr. W. H. Dawson, the well-known authority on Germany, and the title is "Matthew Arnold and his Relation to the Thought of our Time: an Appreciation and a Criticism." Taken along with the book on Arnold just issued by Mr. G. W. E. Russell, Mr. Dawson's work is a proof that Arnold is to be remembered by his teaching as well as by his poetry and his criticism. This is what he would have wished.

If there be any weakness in the new lists, it is in the department of fiction. Some publishers have no novels to announce, and there is little promise of any great success. Some of Messrs. Constable's books, however, provoke curiosity. We shall all be anxious to see whether Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall, whose story, "Said the Fisherman," is gradually coming to its own, will maintain his reputation in his English story, "Enid." Mr. George Gissing's last book, "Veranilda," a story of the Byzantine Empire, will present the lamented novelist in a new light, and Maarten Maartens' "Dorothea," a story of the pure in heart, is perhaps the most elaborate he has ever written. Among American novels one of the most promising is "Sir Mortimer," by Miss Mary Johnston. Miss Johnston has a large public in this country.

The De La More Press is producing tasteful and scholarly reprints at a great pace, beginning with folios and passing through quartos to ordinary sizes. Miss Ida Samuel has edited for them a newly arranged issue of Coleridge's "Table Talk," and Dr. Oelsner has prepared a reissue of Rossetti's translation of the "Vita Nuova." But their chief project is a complete edition in forty volumes of Shakspeare's works, edited by Dr. Furnivall. The spelling of the quarto or the folio is the basis of the text, and all changes are marked in heavy type.

One of the cleverest of recent American books is the "Letters from a Self-made Merchant to his Son." They have had a great circulation both in the States and in this country. The author, Mr. G. H. Lorimer, is only thirty-five, having been born in Louisville in 1868. He is the son of Dr. G. C. Lorimer, a well-known preacher and author. Young Lorimer was employed in the pork-packing establishment of Philip D. Armour in Chicago, and spent eight years there, rising to a salary of five thousand dollars a year. Having no hope of successfully competing with Armour, he tired of the pork business, and took up journalism in Boston. Afterwards he became connected with the *Saturday Evening Post* of Philadelphia, and there he wrote the letters which added so much to the success of the journal and were the one genuine literary success of America last year.

The literary judgments in Lord Acton's Letters are sometimes rather eccentric. Lord Acton is counselling Miss Gladstone to cultivate her father's taste for Dickens. He says: "Beware of 'Little Dorrit,' 'Oliver Twist,' and 'Dombey.' In 'Chuzzlewit' the English scenes are often amusing, but there is a story about Pecksniff that may repel him." Apparently, to Lord Acton the American scenes in "Martin Chuzzlewit" were not amusing. Lecky's "Eighteenth Century" he pronounces a "weighty, thoughtful work. But the two former works by which he became famous do not really rise much above the vulgar level. There is nothing in his writings nearly equal to the new Bampton Lectures (Dr. Hatch's)." Of Mrs. Craven he says: "She was almost my earliest friend, and I am shocked to think that I seem unfaithful to memories forty years old. She was intimate with my mother before I was born. What does it matter that she also bores me a good deal by her restlessness, her curiosity, and indiscretion, her want of serenity, &c.?" Macaulay's essays are "really flashy and superficial." One sentence, which cannot have been printed without premeditation, relates to Tennyson: "Tennyson's really profound animosity against the Prime Minister [Gladstone] has long been known to people in his confidence, and has come out at last. It was one reason, but not the only one, of my dislike to his peerage." O. O.



## FOUR NEW NOVELS.

**"THE FRENCH WIFE."**

By KATHARINE TYNAN.  
(F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

"It was indeed an enchanting face, with all the innocent roguery and vivacity of the most exquisite child caught within the compass of its little, irregular features, its scarlet lips, its velvety brown eyes. . . . There was something so winning, so alluring, so full of faith and goodwill and love for all her world, that you should have a heart of stone to resist her." This is the charming portrait of the first Mrs. Barnard of Castle Barnard; and why her husband, who worshipped her, nevertheless long before her death proceeded to marry Jane Vandaleur of the Moor, and what happened in consequence, is Miss Tynan's story, and it is one of the best she has ever written. The people in it seem to be all alive, and the Irish setting is full of charm. There is a dash of politics in the book, enough to give it zest; thus, the noble Sir Gerard Molyneux is evidently modelled on Sir Horace Plunkett, while Carfax, his ally at Dublin Castle, is not less clearly drawn from Mr. Wyndham. Miss Tynan's character-drawing is excellent, and we shall not soon forget Alison Barnard and Tessa, the vivacious



MRS. PERRIN, AUTHOR OF "THE STRONGER CLAIM."

Photograph by Heresford.

Mrs. Long, the perfectly delightful old brothers Bosanquet, the Carmelite Convent and its gentle nuns, the Duchess and Lady Rose, old Mrs. Tyrrell, and the rest of the merry, humorous *dramatis personae* who are limned with so sure and cunning a hand.

**"THE SWORD IN THE AIR."**

By ARCHIBALD CLAVERING  
GUNTER.  
(Ward, Lock. 6s.)

It is impossible not to be struck with the incongruity in the binding and the contents of "The Sword in the Air." As it is, the cover is neat in green touched with red; had it been governed by the matter within it, it would have been yellow-backed and embellished with a highly coloured illustration. The staccato style and the plot are essentially those of the occasionally useful but seldom brilliant "railway-novel." The characters, all more or less phenomenal, are in keeping. The hero and heroine are in themselves sufficient to ensure the success of a cheap novelette. Imagine the former, the Cavaliere Carlo Tomasso da Messina, "a young man, of fine figure, and dark, serious eyes," with "a long, well-waxed, dark mustache, which has a military, almost theatrical twirl, to its ends," and, joy of joys, a "tenore" so "robusto" that he devotes considerable spare energy to the cause of Young Italy, to smuggling arms to his fellow-patriots, and to their leadership in the movement to cast aside the Austrian yoke. Imagine the latter, Madame la Baronne de Portalis, young, beautiful, unjustly accused, fleeing before the "mouchards" of "the galley-slave-chief-of-detectives, Monsieur Eugène François Vidocq," and a widow of whom there is no need to beware. Then let these two travel under a single passport, the tenor acting "padrone" to the sixteen-year-old "bound-girl" of the widow; let there be a lady spy of the type so admirably played by Mrs. Cecil Raleigh, a conventional police-agent, and sundry comparatively minor personages, and, if you have ever read a novelette of the most approved order, you can guess the trend of the story. For the rest, Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter's latest novel makes little pretence to literary grace, and that little is liberally discounted by several jarring Americanisms, notably "nearby" articles and places, and by misprints. One of the latter, however, is at least amusing: "This astute lady of many crimes, it is said, escaped from France in the *suit* of Louis Philippe. Like the flying king, who called himself William Smith, she gave herself an English name, and traveled as Bridget Jones." This is magnificent, but is it fair to the lady?

**"CASTLES IN KENSINGTON."**

By REGINALD TURNER.  
(Greening. 6s.)

At a first glance it would seem that the author had evolved an amusing idea, but it is soon apparent to the reader that a skit, even with the elements of fun in it, very soon palls when enlarged upon to so great an extent. The West Kensington Parliament, a replica of Parliament (with the exception that there is but one House), would have made the basis of a capital brief sketch, but the author has seen fit to write what is practically a whole book upon it—dragging in to fill in the gaps a would-be Society woman queening over a remote little French watering-place, a young girl and a shadowy love-affair. The West Kensington Parliament boasted its Prime Minister, its Chancellor of the Exchequer, its Colonial Secretary, its Treasury Bench, even its antagonistic Irish Members, and we are told that, as every foreign question arose, the Parliament dealt with it, and often the results on paper were far better certainly for the self-respect of the country than the results obtained by the Government. The members so thoroughly believed in the stern reality of their Parliament that they alluded very infrequently to Westminster, and then only as "another place." Mild fooling this—and where is the original and thoughtful work that the author put into "The Steeple"?

**"THE BINDWEED."**

By NELLIE K. BLISSETT.  
(Constable. 6s.)

In an evil hour Miss Blissett resolved, or perhaps even received an order, to write a novel round the murder of the King and Queen of Servia at Belgrade, and "The Bindweed" is the result. It is not badly done, on the whole, but it was not worth doing at all. She gives us the chief actors in the drama, altering little but the names, King Milan becoming King Mikhail, King Alexander King Kasimir, and so on. Belgrade appears as Salitza. The heroine, the lowly-born Liane Markovitch, first marries (not for love) a worthy German engineer, who shoots himself when she leaves him for her real love, a fascinating Russian Attaché, Vladimir Ourof. An accident reveals to her that Ourof had killed both her father and her brother, but the Russian is careful not to shoot himself when she leaves him in the first horror of her discovery, fleeing she knows not whither. King Kasimir follows her and induces her to marry him out of sheer pity for his loneliness and lack of true friends. Thus Miss Blissett re-writes the history of the unfortunate Queen Draga, making her a good deal younger and of an extraordinary beauty, the public being notoriously incapable of appreciating a plain heroine. The story ends with the attack on the Royal Palace, and King Kasimir and his Consort are duly murdered. The crime is, of course, arranged by the Russian Ambassador (Miss Blissett means Minister, for there are no Embassies in capitals as insignificant as Belgrade), who is pictured as the sly old diplomat of melodrama. He has an idiotic wife who adores Ourof, and on whom the Attaché ignobly depends for perpetual gifts of money. The story is told with a certain vividness and energy, but the character-drawing is really very crude. Liane herself is little better than a lay-figure—almost every one of the subordinate characters is better realised.

Mrs. Perrin, whose novel, "The Stronger Claim," deals with that hitherto little-discussed problem of Anglo-Indian life, the Eurasian population, comes herself of a family noted in the annals of our Indian Empire, for she is a daughter of a famous Bengal Cavalry officer, the late Major-General Innes Robinson. She spent her girlhood in India, and married there, and, as her husband's work often necessitated her being in camp for months at a time, Mrs. Perrin became intimately acquainted with the customs of the natives. Like so many Anglo-Indian novelists, the author of "The Stronger Claim" began her literary life by writing for the *Pioneer*, but her first real "hit" as a story-writer was made with "East of Suez," published some three years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Perrin have returned to England, the former holding an important appointment under the Local Government Board, and Mrs. Perrin is hard at work on another novel of Indian life.

Authors have one consolation among their many troubles. They stand in no lack of good advice. An American publisher has written a book full of this valuable commodity. He counsels authors to send in good type-written copy on small sheets of paper, eight inches by ten inches. They are also advised to number their pages consecutively, to mark paragraphs intelligibly, and to have plenty of them, to carefully make all punctuation-marks, and not to let chapters run too long. They must avoid abbreviations, and provide title-pages, prefaces, and tables of contents. They should also, in submitting their manuscripts to publishers, send brief and concise summaries of their scope and purpose. In conclusion, he gives the authors some hints as to what they may honourably and decently do to attract public attention to their books.



## MOVEMENTS OF THE MONEY MARKET.

Recorded by JOHN HASSALL.



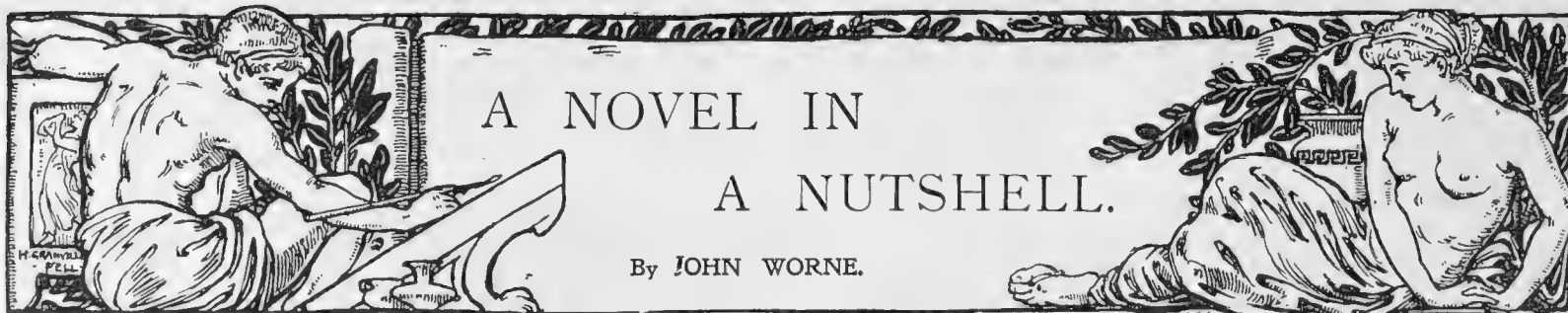
THE HUMOURIST IN PICCADILLY.

Drawn by FRANK REYNOLDS.



"I AM RESOLVED FOR DEATH, OR DIGNITY."—SHAKSPERE.





## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

By JOHN WORNE.

### BERTIE AND HIS HONEYMOON.

"NOW you've done it," said Bertie, reproachfully, leaning back in the carriage as they drove off to the station.

"Done what?" asked Eva.

"Married me," said Bertie.

"You suggested it," said Eva.

"Who was the fellow who said a lot of foolish things and never did a wise one?"

"Whoever he was, he probably held his tongue for the first half-hour of his honeymoon."

"Contrariwise," said Bertie, "it was just then that he said more foolish things than ever."

"I almost think Papa was right," said Eva.

"When and how?"

"In saying you were lucky to have got me."

"But he said next moment that he hoped *you* were lucky to get *me*."

"Only *hoped*," said Eva.

"It *was* rather a cold-water speech," Bertie admitted, "but we must allow for difficulties. I never met a man who said the proper thing to a bride and bridegroom without writing it out beforehand."

"But I think Papa did it very nicely."

"Still, he needn't have said '*hoped*.'"

"Perhaps he didn't mean it."

"That's no reason for saying it."

"I don't think we need quarrel about Papa so soon."

"I don't see any necessity for quarrelling about anything yet," he replied. "Let us talk of pleasant things."

For a little time they talked of nothing, as is usual so soon after the ceremony.

"Rather a pretty wedding, I thought," murmured Bertie. "But I could not help wondering what I looked like from behind as I was kneeling down."

"Is that all you were thinking of?" she asked, with a touch of scorn.

"Oh, no; there were heaps of other things—heaps! The ring, for instance, and the uncertainties of human destiny, coupled with the irony of fate and the necessity of saying '*I do*' at the right place, and the badness of the Bishop's boots, and—"

"Did you ever, by any accident, think of me?"

"All the time, darling."

And again for a few minutes there was peace and love.

Eva broke the silence. "I wish you were not quite so conceited, dear."

"Is that quite fair? You know I have always admitted everything you have said about my nose. My affectation of conceit is but a cloak to my rank humility."

"And a very good one, too," said Eva, most unnaturally anxious, considering the time and place, to score cheap scores.

"Very well," said Bertie, "very well. If one's own wife——"

The expression was so novel and delightful that they joined in emphasising it in the usual way.

"If one's own wife——," Bertie continued.

"People can see in at the windows," said Eva, moving further away from him.

"All right. We're married."

"How are *they* to know?"

That seemed reasonable.

"If one's own wife sees through one," he went on, in an injured tone, "where on earth is one safe?"

"And if one's wife doesn't see through one, who on earth is there to improve one by frank criticism?"

"Oho!" said Bertie, "you married me to improve me!"

"I did not altogether despair."

"This is a pretty state of things," said Bertie; and again, "This is a pretty state of things."

He was gloomy and dejected. "You never told me anything about *this*, you know. What on earth is to be done?"

She said nothing.

"You'll make me an allowance, of course," he went on, sadly, "and come and see me once a-year."

She was still silent.

"I marry a wife," he moaned, "and suddenly, without warning,

she suggests that she can improve me. Never before has anybody suggested that I could be improved."

"Was it so hopeless?"

"That there was anywhere any room for improvement," he added, correcting himself. "What is to be done? What is to be done?"

He stared blankly out of the window.

"We can still be friends," she said.

"Friends!" he echoed. "Friends! That it should come to this! That it should come to this!"

"Need you say everything twice? Need you say everything twice?" she murmured, drearily.

"I thought many things, but I never thought we should be friends."

"Things often turn out better than we expect."

He took out his watch.

"Are we late?" she asked; not that she cared, but something had to be said.

"I was only looking," he replied, "to see how long we had been married."

"About four hours," she said. "I remember it distinctly."

"Three hours and forty-seven minutes," he groaned.

"It seems a lifetime," she said.

"Doesn't it? And so full of glorious, throbbing Being!"

"Quite," she agreed. "It is a pity that it is over."

"Quite." The carriage drew up. He looked out. "This seems very like a railway-station. Where are you thinking of going for your honeymoon? I believe it *is* a railway-station," for a porter had opened the door.

"I was thinking of Sir John Wardlaw's little place near Torquay. He has lent it, you know, and it is charmingly situated, commanding a fine sea-view and fitted with electric-light on every floor."

"Really!" he said, with some show of interest. "How awfully jolly! May I get you a ticket?"

"Thank you very much. And one for my maid."

He went to the booking-office, and was back in a few minutes with the tickets.

"Thank you," she said. "And where are *you* thinking of going for your honeymoon?"

"I? Oh, I haven't quite made up my mind. A run down to Margate, perhaps—a little whiff of the briny, as married men say——"

His man Samson came up at the moment to say that the luggage was all in.

"Who told you to put mine in this train?"

Samson expressed no surprise, but admitted that he had done it on his own initiative, misled by recent events into a false inference of fact.

"Then take it out again."

"Very good, sir. You are not going?"

"Whoever said I was?"

Again had Samson to confess that he had been acting upon utterly unjustifiable conjecture. And yet, as he superintended the removal of Bertie's luggage from the van (it had been put in early and could be got at only with great difficulty and much annoyance), he could not help thinking that most reasonable men would have made the same mistake.

He said as much to Lucette, Eva's maid. "I never heard of a couple havin' separate honeymoons in different parts of the country."

Lucette said they were an "extraordinaire couple."

He agreed, and prophesied trouble.

Meanwhile, Bertie was spending the few minutes during which the train was delayed in hanging on to the carriage-door and discharging his last few remarks.

"Don't forget to write occasionally," he said, putting his head in at the window. She nodded. There was another pause. "Now you're off!" But they weren't. Bertie's seventh portmanteau was still eluding pursuit in a dark corner of the luggage-van.

"I hope you will have good weather for your honeymoon."

"I hope so," said Eva, a little sourly.

She had been looking upon the affair as rather a joke, but seemed to be beginning to take a serious view of things. The removal of all Bertie's luggage was ominous.

At last the portmanteau was found, the guard whistled, Bertie raised his hat with a cheerful smile, and the train was gone.

He turned round and found Samson, sitting on the largest portmanteau, scratching his worried head. "Is anybody likely now," asked Bertie, "to mistake us for a newly married pair?"

"No, sir; but if that was the object, sir, ain't the means to it rather strong?"

And as they were passing out they heard two porters discussing the strange event.

"Quarrelled on their 'oneymoon, they 'ave," said one.

"Ow d'yer know they're just married?"

"'Cos I seen the old shoe tied to 'is portmanteau."

Eva's young brother, no doubt.

Bertie stopped suddenly, vowing vengeance. He was obviously disgusted. Samson, at a respectful distance, sympathised with the collapse of the little plan for securing secrecy.

"If there's anything I loathe," muttered Bertie, "it is being grinned at for a newly married bridegroom." Samson did not quite understand. His love-making was of the kind which takes no account of spectators.

Bertie took a turn up and down the platform.

"Ever been to Margate?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"What do you say of it as a place for a honeymoon?"

"Not being married, sir—"

"But suppose you were?"

"Well, sir, it might have its good points if my wife was there too."

"Don't argue," said Bertie, and took another walk. The next time he reached Samson, he asked abruptly, "When is the next train to Torquay?"

Samson replied with alacrity, "Four-thirty-nine, sir."

"Three-quarters of an hour," grumbled Bertie. "Get tickets." He had decided to forgive her. Samson hurried off cheerfully to his duties. It was a tedious delay, but at last the four-thirty-nine was ready to start. Bertie approached the guard and gave him half-a-crown.

"That is for you," he said, "if you promise to do your best to overtake the three-twenty-seven before it gets to Exeter."

The guard looked at the half-crown, said he would divide it up among all concerned, and promised that all concerned would do their best. It was a magnificent race. The three-twenty-seven had had little more than an hour's start, and, of course, saw no special reason for unusual hurry. The staff of the four-thirty-nine were bent on earning each man his share of the half-crown. The result, therefore, was never in doubt. If the three-twenty-seven had broken down seriously, it would have been overtaken in a little over fifty-five minutes; or if Bertie had not neglected the obvious precaution of bribing the officials to put the signals against it all down the line; or if—A thousand possibilities whirled through his brain as he sat with his feet upon the cushions to relieve the train of his weight.

Everything that human ingenuity could devise to increase the speed he did. To diminish the weight in his pocket, he smoked three cigars in rapid succession, and threw the matches as he lighted them out of the window. He also strolled along the corridor and gave two cigars to Samson and two to the guard, with the like object. As they swung round a curve, he put his head out and was disappointed at being unable to see the tail-lights of the three-twenty-seven,

although Reading had been left behind some ten minutes ago. The guard assured him that there was no danger of running right past the three-twenty-seven without noticing it, the two trains being on the same line. As they swept, shrieking, through Swindon, he caught a glimpse of a handsome girl standing in the lamplight by a pile of luggage on the up-platform. The vision went like a flash. He leapt back and rushed for the guard. He saw it all. It was Eva, who had got out at the first stopping-place and was now waiting for the next train back to town.

"This train must be stopped," said Bertie, hurriedly but firmly.

The guard said he was sorry, but—

"I tell you this train must be stopped at once. Where is the engine-driver? Every second means miles."

The guard acknowledged the compliment to the Company, but—

The engine put on an extra turn of speed. The lights of the up-express flashed by with a roar.

"This is monstrous!" said Bertie. "Where is the communication-cord, that I may draw the attention of the guard?"

"I am all attention, sir," said the guard.

"Confound these corridor-trains!" said Bertie, wrathfully. "Whoever wants to talk to the guard without stopping the train first?"

"It would be five pounds to do it, sir."

"Then I will have five pounds' worth!" exclaimed Bertie, dancing about.

"Of course," said the guard, with a thoughtful smile; "of course, five pounds might make a difference."

"Here!" said Bertie, producing a note and thrusting it upon him, "collect the fine. Now let me out."

"Very good, sir," said the guard, deliberately folding the note and placing it in his official portfolio. "Very good, sir; we are now some ten miles from Swindon, and you can walk back along the line if nobody notices you. I will signal to the driver."

"Hi! No!" said Bertie, pausing in his frenzy. "Perhaps I had better go on to Exeter."

"As you please, sir; for your money you have your choice."

"Give me the five pounds back."

"I am afraid, sir, that I hold it on behalf of the Company; and, as a confidential agent—"

"But you haven't stopped the train," insisted Bertie.

"But I will, sir, if you wish."

Bertie exploded. "Confound you; then give me back the half-crown!"

"We make it a point of honour, sir, never to return gratuities."

"Very well," said Bertie. "Very well; stop the train. I mean to have some value for my money."

"Certainly, sir. There is an express to town from Exeter which you may just catch if we are up to time. I will ring to the engine-driver."

"You needn't trouble," replied Bertie, sulkily. "Is dinner nearly ready?"

It was about half-past eleven that evening when a weary and indignant figure presented itself at the police-station which supplies Portman Square.

"I say," said the figure, whom on careful examination we may



STUDIES IN DIGNITY: III.—THE STAGE KING.



recognise as Bertie, to the constable at the door, "I say, what did the Jackson Case decide?"

"Can't say, I'm sure," said the constable; "'aven't seen the hevening paper."

"Oh, you're no good! I want a lawyer. Where is the Superintendent-in-Charge?"

The Superintendent was an old friend.

"Good-evening, sir," he said, genially. "What can I do for you this time?"

"Look here, I say," said Bertie, "you know all about the Jackson Case. Can't a husband run off with his own wife?"

"It is unusual, sir," said the Superintendent, "for it to occur that way."

"Try not to be funny," said Bertie; "I am tired. It was like this. I was married this morning. On the way down to Torquay my wife simply got out of the train at Swindon and got away before I could catch her." ("It is as well," he thought to himself, "not to puzzle the minds of the police with too complicated a story; it will be enough to present the salient points.") "I followed, and found that she had returned home to her people. She refused to see me. Sent word that I had better write if I had anything to propose. Now what about the Jackson Case?"

The Superintendent-in-Charge looked nice and solemn.

He got a valuable first-edition, well-thumbed, of "The Compendium of Law for the Guidance of Policemen," dating from about the beginning of last century.

"Did you say Jackson was the name of the party?"

"Lord, man, you've heard of the Jackson Case! It is either that a husband is entitled to do what he likes with his wife, or that a husband is not entitled to do what he likes with his wife. I can't at the moment remember, being only just married."

"Well, sir, according to my personal experience, a wife does as she likes with her husband, whether she is entitled or not."

"Dear me!" said Bertie, with some alarm; "you don't think it is as bad as that? What *have* I been and done?"

Having looked carefully through the book and found nothing to make him any the wiser, the Superintendent stated, with professional gravity, that, in his opinion, the best thing to be done at present was nothing, owing to the lateness of the hour.

"No," said Bertie, with determination; "if the Jackson Case is against me, as you have explained" (the Superintendent bowed, slightly gratified), "I propose to get it overruled in the House of Lords. See? Now just you collect me six constables and bring them to the house."

"Well, sir, I don't know that I—— I'll tell you what I will do, sir. If you care to go inside, I'll let the constable on the beat watch the windows from the street."

"What do I pay rates for?" asked Bertie, sternly.

The Superintendent turned to the Compendium of Law for an answer. Bertie impatiently interrupted him: "Collect me six constables at once!"

"Well, sir, I'd do anything to oblige you, but we're rather short-handed at present, there being fewer nursemaids in the district than usual. The authorities always allot to each district constables in proportion to the number of nursemaids, and so many have been sent with the children into the country that fewer police are required."

Bertie admitted that the explanation was reasonable. "Then lend me a uniform," he said, and this was done without difficulty. Anybody in need will always find the police most accommodating.

Shortly afterwards, a policeman with a large helmet which came down over his eyes, and a white muffler which almost covered his mouth and chin, knocked loudly at the door of the house where Eva's father lived. John looked out into the night.

"In the King's name," said the policeman, in a gruff, harsh voice, "I demand admission."

"What do you want?" said John.

The policeman produced an official envelope in a threatening manner.

"I understand that Mrs. Bertie Pilkington is within, ho!" he growled.

"Yes, sir," said John, "and they're all a-wondering what you meant by leaving her to go on her honeymoon by herself, sir."

"Aha! Foiled on the threshold!" said the policeman. "Here's a sovereign for you. Show me in if they haven't gone to bed."

"Shall I take your coat and hat, sir?"

"How the deuce am I going to disguise myself?"

"Beggin' pardon, sir; didn't notice they was a disguise."

So John ushered him into the drawing-room, where Eva was talking things over with her parents. All three looked up in surprise.

"What on earth is this?" asked Mr. Rowen.

"A policeman, sir," said John.

Eva rose in some alarm.

"Good-evenin', sir an' ladies," said the policeman.

"What—what is the matter?" faltered Eva.

"I 'ave to do my dooty, 'owever 'ard it goes agin the grain, Ma'am. Is there a party 'ere name of Pilkington—Mrs. Pilkington?"

"That's me," said Eva, hurriedly. "What——?"

"It is my painful dooty, Ma'am, to take you into custody for desertin' yer husband, Ma'am, as good a fellér, Ma'am, as ever stepped this 'ere wale o' tears." And he held out the envelope. "'E was found by me, Ma'am, wanderin' disconsolable on London Bridge, a-lookin' at the water, dazed-like, an' babblin' to 'isself. 'E was under the delusion, Ma'am, as it was all 'is own fault."

"No," sobbed Eva; "I was partly to blame."

She took the official envelope in an absent-minded way.

"So I told 'im, Ma'am, so I told 'im; an' I pusswaded 'im to trust in the bosom of the Law. Which same 'e 'as done, Ma'am, bein' me. So I'll trouble you to come to the station, an' it is my dooty to warn you as anythink you say will be took down——"

"What is this?" said Mr. Rowen, who had taken the envelope from Eva and was reading its contents. "This is addressed to Mr. Pilkington from Somerset House Inland Revenue Office. 'Dear Sir,—With regard to your income-tax return, we have reason to believe that you have considerably understated your income from——'"

"Hi!" said the Policeman, "that's the wrong warrant."

Eva cheered up suddenly at the unexpected change in his voice. She faced him defiantly.

"I'll tell you what," she said; "I don't believe you are a policeman at all."

"Ma'am, this is 'ard; this is very 'ard. Look at my 'elmet an' my boots. Wot I 'ave suffered—an' to be called no policeman by a female criminal in custody! Stand back! I will 'ave no violence."

He puffed away at a large whistle, which was stuffed up or something.

But it was too late; she had knocked his helmet on to the floor.

"I knew it was you all the time," she said. "What is the meaning of this tomfoolery?"

"Well," said Bertie, "you wouldn't let me in, and I *had* to get in somehow. You'll admit that."

"We had better leave you to settle it yourselves," said Mr. Rowen.

"I've always warned Eva, but she wouldn't listen," said Mrs. Rowen.

And they retired.

"You must admit," said Bertie, "that in the whole course of our married life I've never done such a thing before; therefore, is it likely that I should ever do such a thing again?"

"Your conduct," said Eva, "is intolerable."

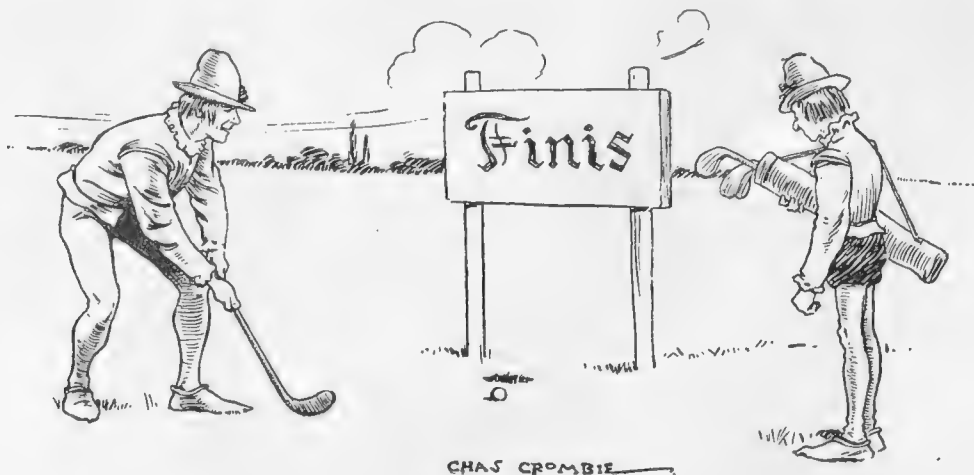
"No, dear, not now. It may have been; but the point is, what *will* it be?"

"That *is* the point," said Eva, ruefully.

"Would I have worn these boots if you had not broken my heart?" She looked at the boots, which were square-toed and unfashionable.

"Poor darling, that I should have driven you to that!"

We leave them in each other's arms.





SHOW SUNDAY.

RETIRED HEAVY-WEIGHT: 'Ow do yer do it? Do yer go into training for it?

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE,





THREE WAYS OF HAILING AN OMNIBUS.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



FOR years Madame Sarah Bernhardt has been promising to write her autobiography. At last it has been done, and arrangements have been made for its immediate publication in the *Strand Magazine*. The Memoirs of the greatest French actress, if not the greatest actress in the world, as her admirers claim her to be cannot help being interesting, and as, from the nature of the publication, they will be fully illustrated, they must furnish a vivid insight into the life behind the scenes of one of the most remarkable women of her generation.

The changes which are being noted in theatrical taste generally are probably also responsible for the comparatively few changes of programme at the West End houses, for Easter was not so long ago the season for the submitting of new programmes. The change may be due to the more critical spirit with which plays are received, and the presence of a holiday-making audience is no longer sufficient to give a starting boom to a new production. Anyway, the fact is significant, and Christmas is the only period of the year which can now be said to claim any monopoly for new plays.

"The Sword of the King," which Miss Ida Mowbray is to produce at Wyndham's Theatre on April 9, comes with a great reputation from America, where it was acted for a whole season by Miss Henrietta Crosman, who first discovered the attractive powers of "New Gwynn" to modern audiences. When it was seen in New York, one critic went so far as to declare that "it would be the best play on Broadway as long as it remained there." One of the striking scenes takes place in the heroine's bedroom, and the episode attracted a good deal of attention and was greatly advertised by the people who pay no attention to the fact that a scene in a summer room takes place in "Romeo and Juliet." "The Sword of the King" is, however, not an American but an English work, its author being Mr. R. Macdonald, a son of Dr. Macdonald, himself a well-known literary man. The period of the play is just after Monmouth's rebellion, when William of Orange landed in England, and the "Little Dutchman" is a prominent personage in the cast. He will be played by Mr. Charles Fulton, who, to quote one of his fellows, has a part "in which he is going to make another hit." The other members of Miss Mowbray's Company include Mr. Ben Webster, Mr. Brandon Thomas, Mr. Mark Bow, Miss May Harvey, and Miss Mary Rorke.

There appears to be a general impression abroad that Mr. Lewis Waller's new production at the Imperial is a political play dealing with the spacious days of good Queen Bess. This is quite erroneous. The mistake, no doubt, arose from the fact that it has

been called "Elizabeth's Prisoner." The title is really "Massachusetts Prisoner," and the author is Mr. Ival Swete, now of the St. James's Theatre. The story concerns itself with the American War of Independence. The war, however, is merely a background, and such conflict as there is in the play is the eternal one between a man and a woman. All the characters are American, and Mr. Waller will be seen as a gallant Virginian. No attempt, however, is going to be

made to reproduce the soft Southern accent or the nasal twang of the American, though the humorous paragraphs will, no doubt, write big enough of the smell of Virginian tobacco being wafted over the footlights. The play will probably be produced about a fortnight after Easter and among the members of the Company will be Mr. Norma McKinnon and Miss Grace Lane.

The question often "heard in the Green-room," whether the public will patronise anything which is offered by certain actor-managers who are favourites in other words, the question whether it is the actor or the play which draws—received a most inquisitive reply last week, when Mr. George Alexander felt constrained to withdraw "Love's Carnival" after four performances, hereby acknowledging the supremacy of the play over his own undoubtedly attractive qualities. "Love's Carnival" thus enjoys the distinction of having had one of the shortest runs on record in London though "Do Brown and Co.," produced at the Vaudeville in the 'eighties, ran on only one night, and so did "The Cousin from Australia," a few years ago, at the Opera-Comique, and the last time, at the Avenue Theatre, as it may seem, however these records are not the shortest, for a company in which were certain



MISS MAY CRANFIELD, PLAYING IN "THE SCHOOL GIRL" ON TOUR

Photograph by Langher, Glasgow.

English favourites opened in New York in a sort of triple bill entertainment, and the chief piece of the evening was not played out. It had been rehearsed in a hurry, and the leading actor, who had joined the Company at short notice, forgot his part so effectually that the curtain had to be rung down at a convenient opportunity a few minutes before the end of the play, which thus remained unfinished.

Miss May Cranfield is one of the cleverest of the many clever young people enrolled under the banner of Mr. George Edwards. At present she is playing in the No. 1 "School Girl" Company but she is known to London as well as provincial playgoers. A Christmas or two ago, Miss Cranfield played the leading part in "Kasawampus," at the Prince of Wales Theatre, and after that she went to Daly's to underplay Miss Ethel Irving in "A Country Girl." Here she had several opportunities of playing the principal's part, and a ways came through the ordeal triumphantly.



# KEY-NOTES

It is good now and then that we should remind ourselves of the fact that, other things being equal, we should be on the look-out for the advancement of our own national art, so far as music is concerned. It was in order to emphasise this idea that a not unrepresentative gathering of English musicians met a few days ago in the friendly conclave of a dinner to discuss many things in connection with this idea. For quite extraneous reasons it so happened that a large foreign element was also introduced into the "shall we say" harmony of the evening. The result was that when we reached the toast, we almost reached the blows of the evening. On the one hand, every Englishman was patting his brother Englishman on the back, with words both of praise and of encouragement, and upon the top of this complaisance came the not uncertain reply that we had no possible reason to congratulate ourselves upon our national art.

This may all sound amusingly enough, and we have no doubt that in the long run the interest and energy which are being shown towards the establishment here and there of institutions, of Clubs, and of Societies directed toward the arousing of the musical instinct of the people will have a very definite and very wide-spread effect. The best wishes of every English musician must go with those who, on the occasion referred to, showed how anxious they were to do everything in their power to advance the cause of that great art—the art of Purcell and of many other great Englishmen whose names have been too easily forgotten.

Herr Arthur Schnabel, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Schütz, gave a Pianoforte Recital at the Beethoven Hall a few days ago. Herr Schnabel has great accomplishment, and he also has that most rare gift, great temperament. His technique is quite wonderful, even though at times he has a certain inclination towards the playing of "safe" tricks in interpretation, which one does not associate with the work of the greatest artists. Oddly enough, it was in Weber's Sonata in F Minor that Herr Schnabel was seen to be at his best, for this Sonata has great intensity of brilliance, but is rather lacking in the elements which go to build up higher and more sincere provinces of music. Herr Schnabel had also many brilliant moments in his playing of Chopin's Etude in F Minor. Obviously however, he could not by anybody present be described as a great Chopin player, simply because,

despite his very fine gifts, he just lacks that little touch of neurosis through which alone the difficult dreams of Chopin are realised to their extreme point.

One does not know if it would be altogether good form, in connection with Miss Tula Brand's Recital at the Steinway Hall the other day, to make the quotation "O mater pulchra filia pulchrior", but, at any rate, the association of Miss Brand with her mother, Madame Marie Brema, was a delightful one, one that led also to very attractive and engrossing results. Miss Brand is a reciter of real great work. She has learned in a school of declamation which realises the value not only of the articulate quality of words, but also of a certain musical effect in the speaking voice quite apart from anything that ever approaches the art of singing. Miss Brema sang a series of songs, ancient and modern, dating, that is, from the sixteenth century down to our own day—with a marvellous dramatic effect on the whole, although in some of the stately old music which she chose for interpretation her emotion was possibly a little too modern, a little too much up-to-date.

Madame Blanche Marchesi and Mr. Denis O'Sullivan gave a joint Recital at the St. James's Hall on the afternoon of Miss Brand's Concert, and on the whole succeeded very admirably in their rather ambitious programme. It must be owned that at times a certain element of atmosphere, revealed throughout the audience during the duets "I will keep my sheep" and "Why sleepest thou, Shepherd?" It was felt, no doubt rightly, that the situation was one more reminiscent of modern times than of those supposed pastoral days when Phyllis met Strephon in the fields of daffodil and when both played the pipes together. Mr. O'Sullivan is, of course in his way, imitable. His humour and his sort of vocal pathos, together with his perennial good feeling for fun in a spirit of perfect refinement, make up quite a unique musical personality. As for Madame Marchesi what more is to be said of her? That she is a singer who lives by theory is a matter of which everybody has long been cognisant and it is wonderful that through sheer force of intelligence and dramatic skill, she is able to make so much of her vocal powers. Take her all for all, she has so many gifts both in the way of drama and in a determined vocalisation that much praise must be allowed to her. COMMON CHORD.



A NERVOUS MOMENT: MR. BEN DAVIES PREPARING TO SING INTO THE GRACIOUS

Photograph by Campbell and Gray, Cheapside



*The Club Committee Chairman—Shows—Cheap Cars—Dust.*

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HOLDEN, the head of Woolwich Arsenal, has been elected Chairman of the Automobile Club Committee. The selection came as a surprise to many, who imagined a volunteer, and not an officer of regulars, would fill the position so long held by Mr. Roger Wallace, K.C. Colonel Holden is one of the Founder members of the Club, and has been intimately associated with the automobile industry in more ways than one. Some years ago, he designed and constructed, in his own workshop at his house at Belle Vue, one, or rather, two motor-bicycles, which exhibited features no other motor-bicycle possessed before or since. They were driven by a four-cylinder horizontal engine, driving directly by long connecting-rods on to the back-wheel, which was about fourteen or sixteen inches in diameter. The piston-rods of the four pistons worked on to a common cross-head between the cylinders, and from each end of this cross-head a connecting-rod stretched to one of the cranks on the end of the spindle of the rear-wheel hub. The engine was fired

chassis shown at the Crystal Palace, the very finest work of its kind ever seen in this country. A crowd gathered round this magnificently finished machine every day, so that it is not overstating the case to say it was the chief attraction in the Great Hall. The exhibition of the crank-shaft of one of the Hutton Gordon Bennett cars, the engine of which is to have five cylinders, and the 20 horse-power, four-cylinder Hutton chassis, which is the output of Messrs. Willans and Robinson of Rugby, were also interesting. Students of petrol explosion-engines are asking in what sequence the five Hutton cylinders are to be fired.

Cheap, or comparatively cheap, two-seated, single-cylinder cars were very numerous, and these vehicles will be offered to the public on every side. I am sorry to say I noticed a good deal of assembled factored rubbish, and I am convinced that the much-discussed man of moderate means will have to be very careful in selection if he ventures outside the range of small cars which have the guarantee of well-known



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. C. L. HOLDEN, R.A., THE NEW CHAIRMAN OF THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB, ON HIS TEN HORSE-POWER GEORGES RICHARD CAR.

electrically, the commutator and carburettor being both the invention of the gallant officer. It was remarkable that the four cylinders in dual tandem formed the lower member of the safety-bicycle frame. The motor-bicycle was ridden by the writer at the first attempt, and Colonel Holden's patents were purchased by a Company who were to put these motor-bicycles, and a car-engine upon similar lines, upon the market. Where is that Company now? In the capacity of Judge, Colonel Holden has done an immense amount of work in connection with the various trials organised by the Club, and his brilliant engineering abilities have been of invaluable service to the sport, pastime, and industry. I feel convinced that as Chairman of the Club Committee he will prove a great success.

From what I was able to see of the Motor Show held during last week at the Agricultural Hall, the motoring public appeared to have had about as much as they wanted of Automobile Shows when they finished with the Palace. Most of those who are really interested in the movement had already done the Paris Exhibition in December, so that, between the Champs-Elysées and Sydenham, Islington had really very little left it could hope to show them that they had not seen before. But the majority who did not cross the Channel were doubtless delighted to have the opportunity of examining the 24 horse-power Hotchkiss chassis—perhaps, saving the six-cylinder Ariel

manufacturers behind them. There are plenty of good, soundly constructed voituresses to be bought, and, before any of my readers are, by paint and price, induced to plunge upon some nondescript car, assembled from Belgian or German parts but dubbed with an English name, I would enjoin them to consider the day when they will desire to sell that car in the second-hand market. William notwithstanding, there is much in a name, and an Oldsmobile, Baby Peugeot, Siddeley, or Wolseley will find ready purchasers at good prices, while the nondescript will not excite a bid, if it still hangs together.

Unless automobilists as a whole show more consideration for the public at large than I have seen the majority of them attempt to do during the days when the dust has lain heavily on suburban and country roads, a moderately dry summer will raise up motorphobists in thousands. At present, makers are not taking steps to abate the dust nuisance by attention to construction, so it remains for automobile drivers to give the matter their best attention. Cars should not be driven through towns and villages, or past carriages, or numbers of people on the road, at such a speed that a cloud of dust taking some minutes to settle is left behind, and car-owners ought to insist that their paid drivers should not offend in this particular. Speed the public will become accustomed to, but they will never stomach the clouds of blinding dust which some selfish car-users leave behind them.



# THE WORLD OF SPORT

*The Lincoln Handicap—Bank Holiday Fixtures—Improvements Wanted—The Duke of Cambridge.*

IT cannot be said that the Lincoln Handicap was lacking in interest, and yet very little betting took place on the event before the day of the race, and I think we shall soon see the end of ante-post betting. The win of Uninsured was fairly popular among professional punters, but students of the book could hardly feel proud of the reversal of the form shown by the Netheravon horse in the race for the Old Cambridgeshire, when he finished last to Lady Help, and I think handicappers should treat these unreliable animals on their best and not on their worst form. Uninsured was made a warm favourite by the public for the City and Suburban last year, but he was struck out two or three days before the day of the race, owing to having met with an accident. Wolfshall, who finished second to Uninsured at Lincoln, is a good horse. He should not be long in winning a big

at the Gosforth Park Meeting, and I am very pleased to hear that P'Anson has once more some very useful animals under his charge. These will be well ridden in their races by Randall.

It is just two years since I called attention in these columns to the appointments of the Flemington Racecourse and compared them with the antediluvian state of affairs existing in this country. Like the farmer with his claret, we do not "get any forrader." At Flemington the course is fenced round, while they use an electric starting-gate which starts forty horses, strikes the "off" gong on the stand, and starts the large time-clock in motion. Then there is an electric number-board above the Judge's box and in various frames and luncheon-rooms, so that all may know the winner almost before



THE LINCOLN HANDICAP: THE PARADE.—UNINSURED (THE WINNER) IS NUMBER THREE IN THE PHOTOGRAPH.

handicap for Mr. Barnato, and I think Cerisier ought to pay for following. One thing is certain: three-year-olds ought not to be followed in the Lincoln Handicap while five-furlong sprinters cannot last even the easy Lincoln mile.

Race-meetings will take place on Easter Monday at Birmingham, Kempton, Dunstall, Portsmouth Park, Hamilton Park, Gosforth Park, Manchester, and Cardiff, to say nothing of a dozen or more minor Hunt-meetings. There should be a big attendance and good sport at Kempton Park, but the majority of the big plungers will attend Manchester, which fixture, by-the-bye, is held under National Hunt Rules. The Lancashire Handicap Steeplechase looks a good thing for Leinster, one of the smartest young steeplechasers in training. The jumps at Manchester are not very formidable, and Fairland may get a place. The Queen's Prize, at Kempton Park, should attract plenty of runners, but some of the competitors may not be thoroughly wound-up. I think Uninsured and General Cronje have chances, unless Sam Darling has Caravel to his liking. The Beckhampton trainer is always dangerous at the Kempton Park Meetings, and his horses should be followed. Elsey's and William P'Anson's horses should be followed

the horse has passed the post. Now there is not one wrinkle named that could not be adopted by any Clerk of the Course in this country, and I do think some of our would-be enterprising officials might now take the hint. The racegoing public in England seemingly do not object to pay tall prices to see racing, and surely they should be given all the up-to-date appliances to afford them a maximum of pleasure at a minimum of inconvenience. I am not sure that the Stewards of the Jockey Club should not insist that all racecourses be fitted with every known improvement.

A familiar figure will be missed from our fashionable race-meetings through the death of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge; who, as I have said before, was a thorough good judge of a racehorse and seldom missed a paddock inspection prior to the start for a big race. I well remember seeing His Royal Highness leaning on the arm of Lord Rosebery when he went to see Persimmon as a two-year-old being saddled for the Coventry Stakes at Ascot, which the Prince of Wales's horse won, amid a scene that is seldom witnessed on the Royal Heath. The Duke of Cambridge attended the Goodwood Meeting for fifty years, with only one or two breaks.—CAPTAIN COE.



THE LINCOLN HANDICAP: THE FINISH.

Uninsured.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

EASTER now spells a universal exodus, and people fly out of town as if the bubonic plague were imported from hapless South Africa. The holiday habit has greatly developed in this island of changes since our stay-at-home grandfathers' days, and festivals like Easter and Whitsuntide, having lost their religious



[Copyright.]

A NEW SPRING DESIGN AT MESSRS. S. FISHER AND SONS',  
REGENT STREET, W.

signification with many, have become merely breaks in the daily round of pleasure for a large portion of the merry-making multitude. The period of the carpet-bag seems further away than merely mid-Victorian when one thinks of the difference between then and now. Even for a week-end absence what paraphernalia of kit-bag, gold-fitted dressing-cases, dress-basket, jewel-bag, and goodness knows what beside! If luxury goes before decadence, then are we of this generation riding full-tilt for a fall.

Meanwhile, an admittedly useful and, many would add, indispensable adjunct to a fair dame's travelling furniture is the little "Pomeroy" case (illustrated overleaf), containing many mellifluous preparations for the skin and complexion, which need all the aids to preservation they can possibly obtain at this season of savage east-winds and unspeakable weather generally. A smart case of highly polished wood, brass-handled, securely locked, with movable tray, holds jars of skin-food, tonic, lotion, nail-polish, liquid, powder, dentifrice, and a dozen other aids to beauty of face and form which together make a compact and convenient *vade-mecum* when going South or East or North or West, after the approved manner of the present. Mrs. Pomeroy specialises in judiciously applied electricity, and her Electric Battery, post-free anywhere within United Kingdom limits, is recommended as entirely useful for treating face, neck, arms, and head—where it operates, when specially applied, with the best results on reluctantly growing hair.

Why, oh why, do not people display a little originality in the wearing of fancy-dress? I went to a specially costumed dinner of the sort this week. We sat down twenty-two, and of that number there were three

monks, a Mephisto, and a Pierrot. The former dress I always consider in exceedingly bad taste. It must be distinctly offensive to Catholics, for one thing, and is a worn-out survival of the Bal Masqué period of Anti-Clerical France, for another. At the recent Ice Carnival Fête at Hengler's amongst the many delightful character-dresses were the too usual monk and nun. A very distinguished personage present remarked that they were the only blot on a most charming scene. And I happen to know that at a recent very smart fancy-ball in Vienna, three of the *jeunesse dorée* "got up" as Franciscan Friars were asked by their host if it would be possible to change their assumed characters before supper. The rout and the stage are assuredly not suitable surroundings for such travesties of religious symbols.

It is all very well to talk about the vanity of women and their extreme extravagance in dress, but the masculine outfitter could also, an he would, a tale unfold which would appal our strenuous grandfathers most exceedingly. How does this jargon sound, *par exemple*, to the romantic feminine mind, accustomed to an attitude of reverential admiration for the virile manly hero of her waking dreams? "This season pink and blue silk underwear for men are favourite colours, though equally fashionable are the pretty striped suits in pale tones which are made to match the socks." The luxuriously minded male is further enjoined to possess himself with "a foulard silk dressing-gown, which has been introduced in every conceivable colour," while serious consideration is given to the "Toby or not Toby" of pale-lavender gloves as weighed against the merits of white kid for evening wear. Probably, in the general collapse of trade and shrinkage of incomes that has taken place all round, men have more leisure to devote to these incidentals than in busier times. Whatever the cause, however, the



[Copyright.]

BLUE SERGE COAT-AND-SKIRT AT MESSRS. FISHER'S.

fact of the "finicking" man remains, and it sheds some side-lights on his existence that such literature can be devoted to his needs. Whenever a protesting male calls just heaven to witness woman's insatiable vanity in future, I shall feel inclined to ask him if his silk socks have been made to match the rest or stand severely alone.



"It's an ill wind—," as we used hopefully to think in our hopeful days; but the wise saw has been once more proved in bringing back "Old Heidelberg" to the St. James's Theatre, for, whatever regrets Mr. George Alexander may have had about his four-night play (in

which the dresses were quite exquisite), many have been glad to avail themselves of a revival and see again those eminently human situations in which "Old Heidelberg" abounds. I always think the playgoing public is divided into two sharply contrasting sections—those who rather like being harrowed, and the rest who just go to laugh. Personally, I rather enjoy an occasional lump in the throat, and, therefore, spent a most happy evening at the Garrick, where a very tempest of tragedy rends the air. The satisfaction



THE "POMEROY" CASE.

of seeing a hardened "K.C." who was in our party tearfully use his handkerchief was very great, and, indeed, a testimony to the fine acting of Arthur Bouchier and his brilliant wife.

The contrasting side of things was shown next evening, when a vision of pretty gowns and Captain Marshall at his wittiest put an audience into the gayest of humours at the Duke of York's. Irene Vanbrugh, superbly impudent in her evening chiffons of pale blue, drew tears of laughter, and Miss Fanny Coleman exploited latest modes for the middle-aged *femme du monde* with immense effect and dignity. No *ingénue* could have been more pleasing than Miss Lily Grundy, whose white satin-net frock, with its satin ruchings, recalled the simple mode of the young girl in the 'forties.

In any other material than silk or satin ribbons, this lately revived *ruche* is, from the decorative point of view, disastrous. I have seen it on various models of forthcoming styles in *barège*—another revival—voile, velvet, and brocade; in all these the *ruche* is "bias" cut and irredeemably ugly. Why cannot the modistes translate us into some other period that had a saving grace? The early and mid Victorian had none. Positively I should not be in the least surprised if we returned to horsehair sofas and green rep curtains. If we adopt the dress, why not other hideousities of the time? I must keep a watchful eye on Tottenham Court Road.

SYBIL.

The man who shaves himself has often a very bad quarter-of-an-hour when he happens to be a little late in rising. His razors won't shave, though, by painful experience, he knows they will cut, and no amount of stropping avails. All trouble and loss of temper may be avoided by using the patent "Safety Shaver" manufactured by the Wilkinson Sword Company, Limited, of Pall Mall. It is made of the finest steel, is the neatest and simplest of its kind, and a special feature is the anti-friction roller revolving behind the cutting edge, which enables the "Shaver" to run smoothly over the face, besides distributing the lather over the parts to be shaved.

Under the auspices of a strong and influential Committee, with Captain Arthur Hill, M.P., as Chairman, and Lord Rosmead and Sir Charles Wyndham among its members, the Walsingham Club in Coventry Street will open its doors about the middle of April. The Club is intended to be a social centre where members may entertain in the most complete manner, unhampered by the restrictions and high charges of the best restaurants. Ladies may be introduced as guests of the members, and the catering will be of the highest class. The Walsingham will remain open till three in the morning, and suppers will be served till within an hour of closing-time. The subscription is moderate, the accommodation will be excellent, and what with its Palm Lounge, in which a band will play from four till six, nine till eleven, and from midnight till two o'clock, and many other attractive and original features, the new Club seems assured of a bright future.

The Kneisel Quartet at the last Broadwood Concert gave a very exquisite interpretation of Beethoven's Quartet in E Minor. These players, whose names one is bound to say are a little frightening (MM. Franz Kneisel, von Theodorowickz, Svenski, and Schroeder), are most musically in all their interpretations, not only by reason of the fact that they have a very exquisite knowledge of their instruments, but also because they seem to enter into the actual and historical meaning of the music which they interpret; occasionally they even become orchestral in their effects. For example, they distinctly, in their manner of rendering this particular work, foreshadowed certain passages which one identifies with the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven. At the same concert, Miss Adela Verne made quite a success by her playing of certain works by Chopin; the concert also was distinguished by an excellent rendering of Dvorák's Quartet in F Major. The work is not great, but extremely interesting.

## EASTER RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

The Brighton and South Coast Railway announce that the special cheap week-end tickets will be issued on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, March 31 to April 3, available for return on any day except day of issue up to April 5. A cyclists' special cheap train will run from Victoria on Good Friday and Easter Sunday to Sutton, Dorking, Ockley, and Horsham. On Good Friday, Easter Sunday and Monday, trains at day-excursion fares will be run from London to the principal stations. Special Saturday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Portsmouth, Hayling Island, Southsea, and the Isle of Wight.

The Great Western Railway Company will run excursions to Reading, Winchester, Pangbourne, Swindon, Badminton, Bath, Bristol, Ilfracombe, Torquay, Plymouth, Penzance, Weymouth, the Channel Islands, Oxford, Worcester, Malvern, Droitwich, Stratford-on-Avon, Birmingham, Shrewsbury, Chester, Manchester, Liverpool, Llandudno, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Hereford, Cardiff, Mountain Ash (Eisteddfod), Swansea, Waterford, Cork, Killarney, Belfast, and many other places in the Cornish Riviera, West of England and Weymouth Districts, the Midland Counties, North and South Wales, and Ireland. Cheap third-class excursion-tickets will also be issued on Good Friday, Saturday, April 2, Easter Sunday and Monday, to Windsor, Taplow, Maidenhead, Henley, and other popular riverside resorts.

For the Easter holidays the Midland Railway Company will run cheap excursion-trains from London (St. Pancras), &c., as follows: To-day (March 30), to Ireland; to-morrow, to Ireland, the Midlands, North, and Scotland; on Thursday midnight, to Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, Liverpool, Manchester, &c.; on Saturday night, to Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Manchester, Liverpool, &c., and on Easter Monday, to Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, and Birmingham. Many other facilities are also given, particulars of which will be found in the Company's time-tables and special bills at the stations. The Company also announce the publication of new time-tables for April, May, and June, containing various improvements in the express and local services. The service between London and Manchester and Liverpool will be augmented by the running of a new express from St. Pancras at 2.45 a.m., which will also serve Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, and Derby. The principal improvements in the London and Yorkshire service are a ten minutes' earlier arrival at St. Pancras, with the 10.35 a.m. luncheon-car express from Bradford, and the running of a breakfast-car by the 7.15 a.m. express from Sheffield and Nottingham to London. Numerous other improvements and alterations will be made.

Among the ideas from over the Channel which are finding favour here is the revival of the "Comédies de Paravent," with which Mr. Patrick Kirwan and his Idyllic Players are doing good work in drawing-rooms. A number of moss-green velvet-covered screens serve as background to the costumes of the performers in the short early Victorian or eighteenth-century plays and give the necessary stage exits and entrances. The repertoire of the Idyllic Players includes a two-act play by David Garrick, some original one-act eighteenth-century plays and dramatic idylls, adaptations from Alfred de Musset and François Coppée, and a dramatised version of an incident from "Pendennis," while modern duologues and dramatic idylls are also included. Such programmes, light and artistic, ought to be very popular during the coming Season for drawing-room "At Homes."

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PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

March 30, 1904.

Signature.....

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## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on April 12.*

## YANKEES IN ACTION.

SPRING without a move in Yankees would be a miserable season: the activity of the American Market is read as a forecast of fair weather over the Easter holidays. How long will the animation last? Just as long as the Wall Street houses like to keep things lively, and that it will pay them to engineer a fresh period of better prices seems to be fairly self-evident. They have been taking stock at low levels for several months past, much as the big Kaffir people have had to do on this side, and in both cases a question was asked as to whether their resources were sufficiently ample to stand the strain (spread out, as it has been, over so long a time) without bringing either market to the verge of serious trouble. The Yankee Market is now demonstrating that its sponsors have plenty of material left for twisting the bears' tails, and if it be dangerous to buy on the top of a rise such as Americans have lately experienced, it is ten times more so to be short of the shares. Now that the worst is known in regard to the Northern Securities case, and the Trust has to be dissolved, a heavy incubus is removed from the market, and prices may easily have a goodish run before the unsettlement caused by the Presidential Election.

## SHAMROCKS AND REAL DIFFICULTIES.

Were it not for the probabilities of more Government borrowing, the investor who clings to gilt-edged stocks might now congratulate himself upon having a golden opportunity for acquiring cheap securities. Unfortunately, as we were showing last week, it is all too certain that other appeals will have to be made, and for large amounts, although the professed inclination of Mr. Gerald Balfour to pay the Port of London amount in stock is a kind of relief. Naturally, however, some of the allottees will want to sell their stock, and thus one more class of prospective sellers of high-class securities is added to the already long catalogue. The Irish Land issue was a success, and the subscription - lists closed slightly before the proper time; but we are by no means sure that the price may not have to dip to a discount before the days dawn when investment stocks settle down upon a better basis—when, that is, the demand shall not fall so grievously short of the supply as it does now. Could a line be drawn from to-day at the bottom of the investment-lists and no other stock allowed to be issued for a period of three years, the effect upon prices might be magical, but, in the necessary absence of any such fantastic remedy, we must candidly confess our inability to see how the gilt-edged markets are to be assisted materially, unless there should be a fall to 3 per cent. in the Bank Rate. Even that would meet only part of the difficulty created by incessant borrowings.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"Come along and be introduced to my broker," said Our Stroller, dragging his friend into a hansom. "We shall be there in ten minutes."

The cab bowled swiftly along the Embankment as his friend explained to ours that he was in the habit of transacting all his Stock Exchange business through a bank.

"Poor fellow!" The Stroller commiserated. "I used to be unregenerate myself at one time, but have learnt better."

"What pull do you get in dealing with a broker?"

"Oh, free lunches, free drinks, personal advice, and considerably more direct attention to your business," replied The Stroller.

"How about the extra risk?"

"If you choose a good man, you can't go far wrong. Not that I

want you to deal with my broker unless you like. I'm not going to get half-commission on your business."

Both men laughed, and The Stranger said he would think the matter over.

"Here we are," and our friend put up his walking-stick to stop the cab. He was so much engrossed in pointing out various objects of interest that the pair of them would have walked away had not a delicate hint on the cabby's part brought them to a sense of duty and two shillings.

"Very much, sir," they heard the Jehu say just as they turned into Throgmorton Street, for the first time in The Stranger's life.

"Dull-looking alley," was his inward comment; but he said nothing and suffered himself to be dragged into Shorter's Court.

There was a yelling, howling mob.

"Bless my soul!" The Stranger exclaimed. "What on earth's the matter?"

"It's only the American Market," explained Our Stroller. "It sounds to me as if things were good."

"What in the name of all that's noisy must it be like when things are bad?" his friend asked. The question went unanswered, for a man was talking to Our Stroller.

"Yes, all pretty good," he said. "Coming buyers from New York, you see, and the arbitrage houses seem as though they can't get enough stock. They'll all be flat as ditchwater to-morrow, you can bet your hat."

"Difficult market to job in," observed Our Stroller, dazzling his friend by this display of technical knowledge.

"Difficult's not the word for it, my boy," said the other. "Up

one minute and down the next. To go for short profits and quick returns is old advice, but it's uncommonly useful at times like this."

"So I suppose," replied Our Stroller. "Good-night, sir." And he rejoined his friend on the kerbstone.

"Do ask somebody what Canadian Pacifics are," The Stranger entreated. "I've got a few, and perhaps they know out here. I believe they are ranked with American shares, aren't they?"

"Oh, dear me, no!" returned The Stroller. "They are in the Colonial Railway Market, with Grand Trunks and that kind of thing. We must find out about those later on."

They walked a dozen paces, and came level with the Street Kaffir Market.

"Who are these quiet little fellows?" asked The Stranger, stopping to watch three or four men screaming for East Rands and "Moddahs."

"This is the South African Market," returned our friend. "Rather a better tone here apparently."

"Ask this policeman," suggested The Stranger, a remark which the gentleman in blue evidently heard, for he smiled broadly and forgot to tell the pair not to stand still on the pavement.

"Transvaal Devels are the things to buy, I am convinced," a dealer declared to another. "I bought a hundred to-day on P.A.—"

"That's Private Account," whispered The Stroller to The Stranger.

"—and I'm bound to make a pony out of them before long."

"Don't laugh," replied the other, "but I bought myself a few Luipaard's Vlei yesterday."

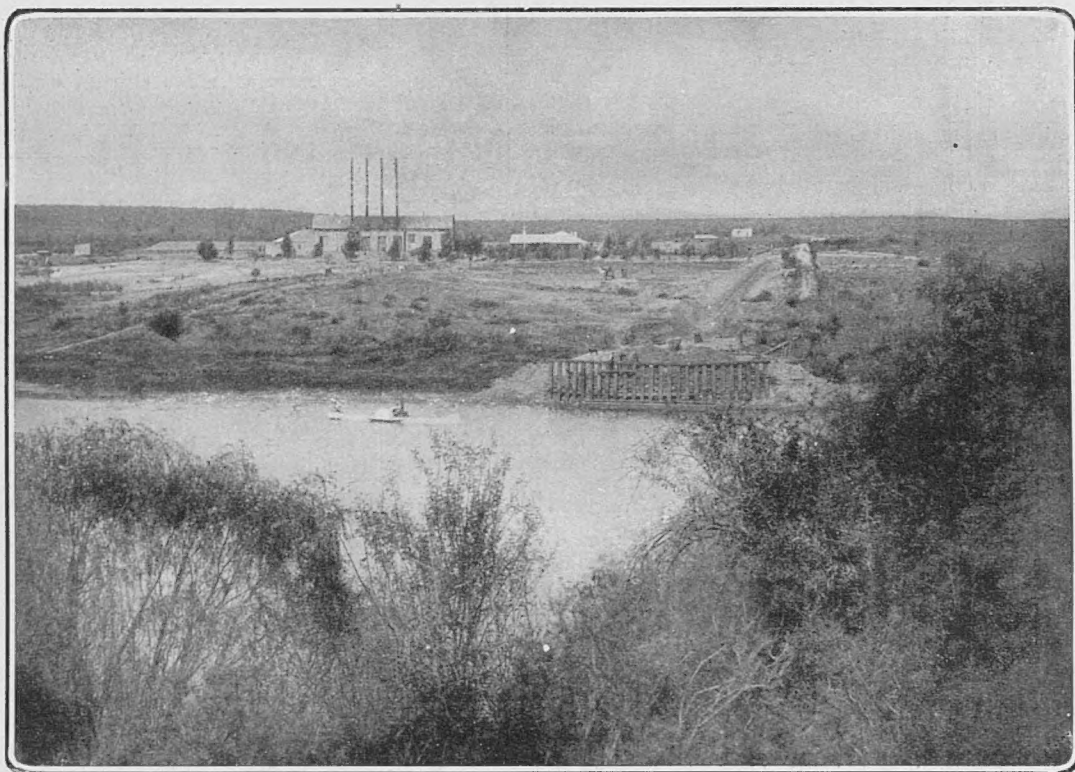
"What are you going for?"

"About the same as you, I think. Five shillings will quite satisfy me."

"They tell me to buy Randfontein," remarked a third, joining the group.

"If you are going to buy Kaffirs at all, why not Anglo-French? There's a dividend pending, isn't there?"

"Ought to be, but it may not be much this year. Good little spec., all the same. Hark at that!" and a young gentleman lustily bid "the five" for the shares.



KIMBERLEY WATERWORKS: VAAL RIVER STATION FROM THE NORTH.



"That's  $3\frac{5}{16}$ ," The Stroller elucidated. "But we shall never get on at this rate."

They dropped into Oppenheim's for a cigar and then proceeded to Warnford Court. The Stroller was the fifth man in the lift, so his friend had to walk up and got to the second-floor before the lift did.

"Aha! Glad to find you at home," and The Stroller greeted his broker with satisfaction. "Come to bring you a new boy. Allow me to introduce you to each other."

Seated in the broker's private room, the talk ran at first on business and the lack of it.

"I don't suppose we shall have anything in the nature of a boom this year," the broker said; "but I should say there ought to be a revival in Kaffirs before 1905, at any rate."

"There was a man in the Street saying Anglo-French were good things," The Stranger remembered. "Do you know anything about them?"

"Quite a decent spec.," was the response.

"Can I buy as few as fifty?"

"Certainly. They are about  $3\frac{5}{16}$  or  $3\frac{3}{8}$ , I think. Let me send a clerk down to see."

"And may he ask the price of Canadian Pacifics at the same time?"

"By all means. They are in the Yankee Market, you know."

The Stroller started and laughed rather feebly—more heartily, though, when The Stranger had told of his mistake about the "Colonial Railway" Market.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," quoth he, against himself. "Here's your boy back. What are they?"

"Anglo-French are  $3\frac{5}{16}$ , sir," was the reply. "Five-sixteenths too over is the touch, I think," he added to the broker. "And Canadas are doubtful at a quarter."

"I'll take fifty of those Anglo as well," said The Stranger, supplementing his friend's order.

"You had better come down to the Street, and we will do the order all together," proposed the broker; whereupon The Stroller smiled as if in anticipation, and they all descended.

The order was done in two minutes; but the broker's clerks expressed free opinions in regard to clients who came in at half-past four and delayed signatures to contracts for fully an hour.

#### JOHN DEWAR AND SONS, LIMITED.

The accounts and Directors' Report of this Company must have been pleasant reading for the shareholders. The profits for the year show an increase over the previous year, and, in the face of the general depression of trade, this result can only be considered eminently satisfactory. From the Board of Trade returns, it appears that during the year 1903 there had been a decrease in the consumption of whisky in this country to the extent of 1,600,000 gallons; but this Company does not seem to have felt the pinch, and the Chairman was able to assure the shareholders that the demand for the Company's brands had increased in every market, both at home and abroad. Probably the explanation given to the meeting is the true one, for the Company has accumulated an exceedingly large stock of the very finest and oldest whisky, which puts it into a very strong position. The public evidently believe that the quality of the brands will be maintained. As long as the directors realise that this is the only way to maintain a great business, the prosperity will continue.

The Chairman was able to assure his hearers that prospects for the new year were satisfactory, and that the sales, so far as the year had gone, have shown a steady increase. The amount of profit at the disposal of the Board reached £111,581 1s. 10d., which was prudently dealt with by putting £10,000 to reserve, and, after providing for the Preference dividends, paying 20 per cent. to the holders of Ordinary shares, leaving a balance of £13,662 17s. 8d. to be carried forward.

The Reserve Fund now amounts to £100,000, depreciation to the extent of 25 per cent. has been written off the buildings since the formation of the Company, the stock is taken at considerably under its present market-value, and the Board state that very ample provision has been made for all possible bad debts, while the annual profits are now more than eight times the amount required to pay the Preference dividend, so that the most nervous investor can hardly wish for a better security than the Preference shares of this Company afford.

Friday, March 25, 1904.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

CRITIC.—It is true that the nominal issue price of "Shamrocks" was 87; but, if you allow for accrued interest and discount on payment in full, it becomes reduced to what we stated, namely, 86. Our statement was therefore accurate.

TADEMA.—At the time to which you refer our Broken Hill Correspondent was full of enthusiasm for the Consols. It is a queer property, in which the rock is barren for hundreds of feet and then very rich. We are, like you, victims of our Correspondent's misplaced hopes, and still have our shares. One can get so little for them that it is not worth while to sell.

C. R. E. W.—Why you accuse us of being always bears of Westralian mines we really do not know. On the whole, we think we have been too bullish. The quotation you refer to was a self-evident mistake for 4½.

NOTE.—We are obliged to go to press early this week and next, and we hope correspondents will kindly forgive us if their letters are not answered in consequence.

## FINE-ART PLATES.

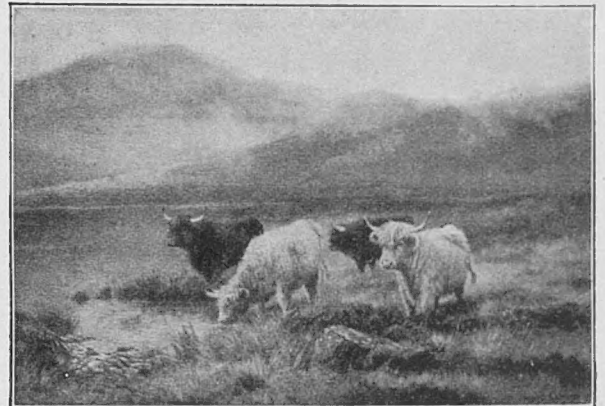


PLAYFUL KITTENS.

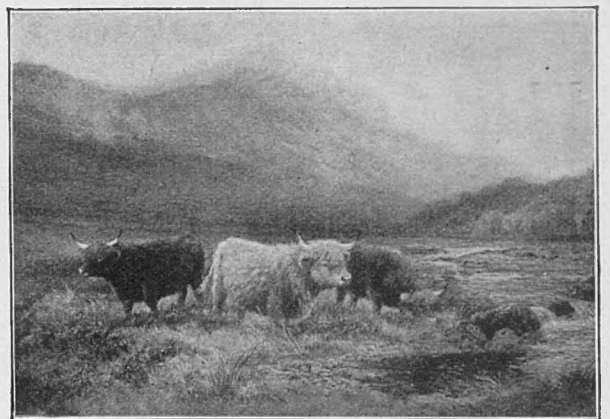
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